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SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1890.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6½d.



4 a.m.



8 a.m.



12 a.m.



12 p.m.

4 a.m.—The broncho (prairie horse) bolting. 8 a.m.—Chase interrupted by a canyon (ravine or gully). 12 a.m.—Noon rest, to collect his thoughts. 12 p.m.—The camp at last; the horse come back.

A DAY'S ANTELOPE-HUNTING IN NEVADA, NORTH AMERICA.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

If a man wants to see (or hear) egotism and vanity in perfection, and is not afraid of the east wind, let him put on his greatcoat and listen to the speakers in Hyde Park upon a Sunday. They are much more numerous and various in their topics than they used to be, and no less in love with their own sweet voices; though we miss our mathematical friend who used to impress on an only too select circle the vital forces of the square and the triangle. He would hold forth while he could breathe, one feels certain; so we fear he must be shut up in his final parallelogram. The Salvationist is not at his best in the park, because he has not his drum with him, but still, for volume of sound he has no rival: the orators of the Church Army are "dumb dogs" compared with him. It is to be noticed, however, that General Booth's success—whether spiritual or material—has caused a competitor to appear with a silken banner announcing So-and-so's Services; at present he is like a single private omnibus compared with the "Company's" whole rolling stock, but his cult (whatever it is) may grow. The oratorical atheist has not the gathering, one remarks, that he used to have. His philippics are found dry in comparison with those of the Socialists, the object of whose objurgations is Man dressed in a little brief authority, and with not less than £300 a year. It is easier and much more telling in its effect to vituperate him than to ignore his Maker. These gentlemen are now divided into two schools, but both established at the north-east corner of the park. The one is for those short, sharp, and decisive methods (typified by a red cotton pocket-handkerchief tied to the railing) which were in vogue in the French Revolution; and its pupils are tolerably attentive to their tutors. The other school is of a more philosophical cast. "You may call me an Idealist," said one of the teachers last Sunday; "and I am, in a sense, an Idealist." At which his audience melted away, as though declining any complicity with a criminal of that class.

Far and away the most interesting of the present park orators is the reciter, a juvenile genius, who has really a good repertory of poems, which he delivers better than most drawing-room performers, and with appropriate gesture. "It had been my intention," he told us, "to give you something epic, for which I might reasonably have looked for three shillings, or three and sixpence; but the fact is, people are apt to go away (without paying) in the middle of a long recitation, and others take their place who can't understand what the deuce it's all about, and, between the two stools, I fall to the ground. Moreover, the average of my last collections has been but eightpence, which, for the best poetry, unless it's shortish, you must admit is poor pay. With your permission, I will therefore give you a short poem." And a very good one, rendered with considerable dramatic skill, he gave. As compared with his rivals, the absence of egotism in this frank young gentleman, and the presence of "h's" in their proper place, are very noteworthy. It does not seem impossible that the public taste for literature may be improved by this new candidate for public favour.

What is "a fair day's work" is a question that seems to admit of infinite varieties of reply, and, to the outsider at least, some of these differences are quite inexplicable. That the miners who work, at great inconvenience to themselves, in the dark places of the earth should think eight hours of it quite enough seems natural. For other callings such a limitation may well be a matter of opinion; but what does appear very strange is that the shop assistant, who asks only for a Twelve-hours Bill, should hardly be listened to. Everybody tells him that he must not interfere with the laws of supply and demand; whereas eight hours only for the mechanic has at least many powerful advocates. One wonders whether this extraordinary difference of view can have anything to do with the fact that the mechanic has a vote to give, and that the shop assistant has none. In the meantime it is a satisfaction to learn that China—always in the van of civilisation—is taking action in this matter of hours of labour, at all events as regards its Government officials. An Imperial rescript has been addressed to the heads of departments, informing them that their habit of "only coming to their offices once in several months" is reprehensible.

A country clergyman has got into hot water for promoting "parish dances"—a proceeding which, it is argued, is incompatible with his sacred calling. He does not appear, however, to have acted as a master of the ceremonies, but merely assisted in what he thought to be an innocent amusement. If his condemnation is just, the opinions of ecclesiastics seem to have changed upon this matter. When Louis XII. held his Court at Milan, "two Cardinals footed it with the rest of the courtiers." Moreover, we are told that "the fathers, doctors, bishops, and other Church dignitaries assembled at the Council of Trent" intermitted their theological consultations to consider whether they should give a ball to Philip of Spain. The project, after mature discussion, was adopted, all the ladies of the city were invited, and "the Spanish Bigot, together with all the fathers of the Council, danced on the occasion." Now, if the Spanish Bigot (whoever he may have been) did not object to it, it seems clear that dancing must have had the sanction of the Church.

The recent Jubilee of our gracious Queen has brought the word very much into fashion, and proportionately extended its meaning. Everyone who reaches fifty years of age has his jubilee, though (except that he is not sixty) it hardly seems a matter for rejoicing. In the good old times—that is, the very good ones, which are, of course, the furthest off—the term really meant something, for in the jubilee year one's debts were wiped out, and the lands one had parted with to the Jews they gave back to one; but of late we have had a surfeit of jubilees, from the Jubilee Plunger downwards, some of which have been by no means a cause of congratulation. The lowest

depth was probably reached the other day, when a lady pleaded in mitigation before a London magistrate that it was her "jubilee conviction"—the fiftieth time of her being charged with intoxication.

It is a mistake to suppose that even a jubilee wedding is the celebration of a fifty-years union. It may mean something much more enduring and (presumably) endurable. When Christian IV. of Sweden and his Queen visited their Norwegian dominions for the first time, their host exhibited for their delectation, and also to prove the wholesomeness of the climate, a very superior "jubilee wedding." Four married couples were selected from the neighbourhood, all over one hundred years old. "Their names were Ole [so one would think] Torveson Sologsteen, who lived eight years afterwards, and his wife, Kelje, ten years; Jern Oer, who lived six years after, and his wife, Ingen, seven years; Ole Besoleen and his wife, N. [she seems to have forgotten her whole name]; and Hans Folasken, who lived ten years after, and brought with him Joram Gallen, who [one regrets to say] was not his wife; but, being a hundred years old, he borrowed her for the ceremony." All these ladies danced "with green wreaths upon their heads," and must have presented an enchanting spectacle. In spite of the boasts of our sanitarians, it would puzzle them to procure four couples to celebrate such a jubilee nowadays. The above "spectacle"—four pairs of them—was presented in 1733.

The circumstance of a poor woman being run over and killed by a fire-engine the other day in London has been commented upon as something unusual. If it be so, the lives of her Majesty's subjects must be miraculously preserved, for to most people who have seen an engine on its way to combat with "the devouring element" it looks quite as dangerous as the fire. Of course, there is no time to be lost; but the drivers should consider that human life is as much imperilled by a heavy machine going fifteen miles an hour as by a conflagration. Nor are the shouts which they indulge in—which would be a credit to Red Indians—of a nature to calm the nerves of a foot-passenger, and enable him to take measures for his personal safety. A fire-escape—the ladder—can hardly proceed too quickly, because it can't cut your head off or flatten you out if it catches you at a crossing; but the engine, with six men upon it, is more than most people can bear. A scythe-wheeled chariot may, perhaps, have been equally dangerous; but it avoided crowded thoroughfares filled with a friendly population, and never attained the same rate of speed. The excitement of piloting such a machine no doubt prevents the exercise of judgment, for the recklessness of the fireman's driving is proverbial, and has been immortalised by Thomas Hood:—

See, there they come raving and tearing,
All the street with loud voices is filled;
Oh, it's only the firemen a-sweating
At a man they've run over and killed.

The audacity of science is proverbial, but there has seldom been a more striking instance of it than has recently occurred at Constantinople. It is well known that the Koran—out of regard, perhaps, for the fat and shapeless figures of the Pashas, and other affluent persons in authority—has strictly forbidden the representation of the human form divine; and yet a German photographer has ventured to set up shop—or at all events his camera—in the city of the Sultan. Emboldened by success, or desperate from failure in finding objects of beauty, he actually attempted to take a photograph of his Majesty himself, as he rode by on horseback to the mosque. It was an "instantaneous" one, of course; but not so quick as the action of the guards, who made a "negative" of it in no time, and were very nearly doing so of the artist himself. Thanks to his Ambassador, he has only got imprisonment instead of "the sack"; but it is unlikely that he will resume his trade in the Turkish dominions. The incident suggests the inquiry, Where do all the portraits of the Father of the Faithful come from with which we are so familiar, and which we are always informed "are taken from life"? Since the penalty for this proceeding, it seems, is death, one must conclude that they are the last works of artists who have also been "taken from life," which should invest these likenesses with additional interest.

"Everybody," says the old saying, "thinks that he can drive a gig," though some people have made a mental reservation as to the kind of animal there may be in the shafts. But it now appears from a recent decision in a County Court that the operation is also dependent upon who sits beside you. "I should not have let out my horse and gig to the defendant," said the plaintiff, "if I had known he was going to take his young woman out for a drive with him." From long experience he had found that a *fiancée* on the same seat was a disturbing influence to the driver of a gig; and, indeed, in the instance in question, the young gentleman, who ought to have given his attention to the horse, paid it so exclusively to his fair companion that (having, one must suppose, only one arm at his disposal) he let the animal fall down and break his knees.

Everyone with a turn for humour has read—or, if he has not, ought to do so—Mr. Walter Besant's story of the Ghost who haunted the Wrong Man. It was the first published hint that mistakes may be made in the spirit as well as in the flesh, and the "information received" by a spectre be as untrustworthy as that by a police inspector. It now appears that a ghost may "walk," and even point with shadowy finger to a particular spot, and nothing come of it except error. An old lady recently died at Wigan named Margaret Simms, but called, for euphony and romance, and also because she was "near" as regards expenditure, "Margaret the Miser." Her cottage was taken by a newly married couple, and the bride was naturally alarmed at being tapped on the shoulder one night by a strange (yet transparent) old woman, who pointed to a flagstone on the floor. The husband, however, who seems to have been of a practical turn, instead of communicating with the Society for the Investigation of

Spiritual Phenomena, hit on the device of pulling up the flagstone, beneath which he found £400. Then, "I can't permit my poor wife to be frightened by ghosts," he said, and they gave up the house at once, taking the money with them. Other tenants have succeeded this sagacious couple, and are similarly haunted by old "Marget," who still points with fretful persistence to the same old flagstone. In vain they assure her there is nothing under it. She apparently thinks there is, and evidently wants it to be given to somebody quite other than the persons who have got it. It is as great an hallucination on her part as ever befell a ghostseer, and proves that the members of the spiritual world are not nearly so clever as the Psychical Society have led us to believe.

THE COURT.

The Queen, who is in good health, takes drives daily. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein dined with her Majesty on Feb. 19. Viscount Cross, G.C.B. (Secretary of State for India), arrived at the castle, and had an audience of her Majesty. M. Barjono de Freitas also arrived, and was introduced to her Majesty's presence by Viscount Cross as Secretary of State, and presented his credentials as Minister from Portugal. Prince Henry of Battenberg was present at the funeral of the late Earl Sydney, at Chislehurst Church, on the 20th, and the Earl of Lathom, Lord Chamberlain, represented her Majesty on the occasion, and placed a wreath upon the coffin. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) arrived at the castle on the 21st. The Earl of Lathom (Lord Chamberlain) arrived, and, with Sir Francis and Lady de Winton, had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited her Majesty on the 22nd, and remained to luncheon. Lieutenant H. W. G. Graham, 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers, was decorated by the Queen with the Distinguished Service Order for services performed by him on the Gold Coast in the expedition to Western Akim, and in command of the Northern Expeditionary Force and in the engagement with the rebel Awunahs on April 20, 1889. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince George and Princesses Victoria and Maud, visited the Queen, travelling by the Great Western Railway from Paddington. Their Royal Highnesses returned to town on the morning of the 24th. Sir William Jenner, Bart., and the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster arrived. Colonel Sir Francis de Winton had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Queen and the Royal family, and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the private chapel on Sunday morning, the 23rd. The Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster and the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated, and the Dean of Westminster preached the sermon. Prince George of Wales left the castle in the afternoon for her Majesty's ship *Excellent* at Portsmouth. Lady de Winton and the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Lord Harris, who had previously been received by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, arrived at Windsor on the 24th, accompanied by Lady Harris, on a visit to the Queen. Lord and Lady Brownlow and General Sir Donald Stewart also arrived at the castle and dined with the Queen. On the 25th Earl and Countess Brownlow, Lord and Lady Harris, and General Sir Donald Stewart, Bart., arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Lord Harris kissed hands on his appointment as Governor of the Bombay Presidency.

We are authorised to state that the Queen will hold a Drawingroom on March 5, and another in the following week, and that the Prince of Wales will hold another Levée on Monday, March 17, St. Patrick's Day.

Preparations are already being made for the Queen's visit to the Continent, although her Majesty, according to the most recent arrangements, is not expected to leave England for Aix-les-Bains till towards the end of March.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Colonel Clarke, was present at the funeral of the late Earl Sydney at Chislehurst on Feb. 20. Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) and the Duke of Fife, Prince Christian, and Prince Henry of Battenberg visited the Prince and Princess, and remained to luncheon. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, dined with Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) and the Duke of Fife. The Prince held a Levée on behalf of the Queen at St. James's Palace on the 21st. A large number of gentlemen had the honour of being presented to his Royal Highness. There were present Prince Christian, Prince Christian Victor, Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, and the Duke of Teck. The Prince, attended by Colonel Clarke, dined with Colonel Sir Gustavus Hume and the Corps of her Majesty's Gentlemen-at-Arms, in their Mess Room at St. James's Palace. The Duke of Teck was present. His Royal Highness went to the House of Lords in the afternoon. Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales were present at the performance of Bach's Passion music in St. Anne's Church, Soho. The Prince was present at a meeting on the 22nd of the Standing Committee of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History) at South Kensington. The Prince and Princess received Senhor Barjono de Freitas on his appointment as Portuguese Minister at the Court of St. James's. Their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by Prince George and Princesses Victoria and Maud, left Marlborough House in the afternoon on a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle, returning on the morning of the 24th. A deputation representing the Colony of Victoria, and consisting of Sir Graham Berry, Sir William Robinson, and Sir Henry Barkly, was introduced by Lord Knutsford to the Prince and Princess at Marlborough House on the 24th, and presented to them the silver-wedding gift from the people of Victoria. The present consisted of two handsome vases of Australian design and workmanship, wrought in gold and silver, and inlaid with precious stones, and also a flagon. The emblems emblazoned and fashioned upon them were illustrative of the aboriginal and present condition of the colony. Sir Graham Berry read an address from the colonists which was sent with the handsome gift. The Prince replied, stating that it afforded him much gratification to receive so beautiful an offering from Victoria, a colony in whose progress he took the deepest interest. Their Royal Highnesses likewise received Lord Harris on his approaching departure for India. The Prince went to the House of Lords in the afternoon. The Prince and Princess and suite went to see Mrs. Langtry and her company in "As You Like It," at the St. James's Theatre, in the evening. The Duchess of Fife celebrated her twenty-third birthday on the 20th. The Prince presided at Marlborough House on the 25th at a meeting of the Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute. His Royal Highness went to the House of Lords in the afternoon. The Princess, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, left Marlborough House for Sandringham.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh left St. Petersburg on Feb. 24. Their Royal Highnesses were accompanied to the railway-station by the Czar and Czarina and other members of the Imperial family.

Prince Christian left Cumberland Lodge on Feb. 22 for Germany.

A DAY'S ANTELOPE-HUNTING IN NEVADA.

As the play of "Hamlet" was once announced, at a country theatre, with an intimation that "the part of Hamlet will for this night be omitted," so must our illustrations of "A Day's Antelope-Hunting" dispense with the antelope, which the hunter is unable to find. The subject, on this occasion, might rather be called a day's broncho-hunting, for it is the unruly steed, one of the class of half-wild ponies called by that name on the prairies, that our unlucky sportsman has to chase from 4 a.m. till noon, resting then to collect his thoughts, and slowly finding his way back to the camp, where he arrives at midnight, hours after the broncho has quietly rejoined the other horses at grass. The vicious tricks of these animals, sometimes known as "cayuses," are vividly described in an entertaining new book, by Mr. G. O. Shields, of Chicago, entitled "Cruisings in the Cascades," which Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have republished in London. It contains, besides good descriptions of rambling travel and varied sport in the Cascade Mountains of British Columbia, many lively chapters of adventures in the Rocky Mountains, in Montana, on the Texas plains, and in Northern Wisconsin. The big game of North America—the elk, the deer, the grizzly bear, the buffalo, the mountain-goat, and the antelope—figure largely in this collection of personal narratives. Of the antelope, *Antilocapra Americana*, the swiftest and one of the most graceful of American wild animals, we are told that, inhabiting the high open plains, it is most difficult to approach, its senses of sight, hearing, and smell being wonderfully keen. The hunter who sees antelope two or three miles distant has to dismount and picket his horse, or to find cover in some "draw" or gully, and crawl up nearer if he can, hands and knees much lacerated by the cactus and sharp flinty rocks, till he gets a shot with his Winchester express rifle, at a range of about three hundred paces. In the meantime, as shown in our correspondent's sketches, the "broncho" may get loose and bolt far away. To catch such a horse on the open plain, where pedestrian movements are perhaps obstructed by deep "canyons," too wide for a man in his boots and breeches to leap, is an impossible performance; one might as well try to catch the antelope. A solitary hunter, once placed at such disadvantage, may as well sit down to rest, give up the chase, eat what food he has brought with him, and trudge back to his friends by the waggon, disappointed of the day's sport.

OBITUARY.

SIR FREDERICK SMYTHE.

Sir Frederic's William Smythe, K.C.M.G., General Manager of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, Constantinople, died there on Feb. 22. He was born in 1835, the son of the late Mr. Robert Thomas Vines Smythe of Beaconsfield, Bucks; was educated at Camberwell Collegiate School, and at St. Omer; entered the Imperial Ottoman Bank in 1856, and became General Manager in 1879; he had the second class of the Osmanieh and Medjidieh of Turkey and of the Lion and Sun of Persia, and was made K.C.M.G. in 1888. Sir Frederick married, in 1858, Maria Caroline, daughter of Captain Henry Newbolt.

GENERAL FROME.

General Edward Charles Frome, Colonel-Commandant Royal Engineers, Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, died on Feb. 12, aged eighty-eight. He entered the Royal Military Academy in his fifteenth year, and passed out at the head of his batch. In 1825 he received his first commission, and after several years of important service in Canada he returned to England, and was appointed in 1839 Surveyor-General of South Australia. He there surveyed the whole of the known parts of the country, and a large tract he was the first to explore. In 1851 he was given the office of Surveyor-General of Mauritius, and promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In 1858 he became Commanding Royal Engineer in Scotland, and, in 1859, in Ireland. In 1862 he went to Gibraltar as Commanding Officer of the Garrison, and, in 1868, he acted under Sir John Burgoyne as Inspector-General of Fortifications, Director of Works, and Inspector-General of Royal Engineers. Finally, he accepted the appointment of Governor of Guernsey.

GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. SIR T. MONTAGU STEELE.

General the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Montagu Steele, G.C.B., Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, on Feb. 25, in his seventieth year. He was the son of Major-General Thomas Steele, by Lady Elizabeth, daughter of William, fifth Duke of Manchester. He entered the Coldstream Guards in 1838, and served with distinction in the Crimean campaign, as military secretary to Lord Raglan and General Sir J. Simpson, and took part in the battles of the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, and the siege of Sebastopol. He was mentioned twice in despatches, and received, among other honours, the Crimean Medal with four clasps, and was made an Officer of the Legion of Honour and Companion of the Bath. General Steele was appointed Colonel of the 61st Foot (Gloucestershire Regiment) in 1874, from 1875 to 1880 was in command at Aldershot, from 1880 to 1884 commanded the forces in Ireland, and in the latter year became Colonel of the Coldstream Guards. He was created K.C.B., 1857; G.C.B., 1887; and a P.C. in 1880. He was twice married, his second wife surviving him.

MR. BIGGAR, M.P.

Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar, M.P. for the West Division of Cavan, died suddenly, of heart disease, on Feb. 19, at his residence in Sagden-road, Clapham Common. He was born Aug. 10, 1828, the son of the late Mr. Joseph Biggar, provision merchant, of Belfast, and received his education in that town. From the year 1869 he took an active part in local politics, and in 1872 unsuccessfully contested Londonderry. He was first returned for the county of Cavan, in 1874, and continued to represent that constituency for eleven years. In 1885 he was elected for the West Division of the same county. Mr. Biggar was a staunch friend and supporter of Mr. Parnell, and a pronounced Nationalist. His memorable movement in 1875 originated the direful Parliamentary weapon since known as "Obstruction."

We have also to record the deaths of—

Hon. Mrs. Noel (Susan), widow of the Hon. and Rev. Gerard Thomas Noel, late Vicar of Romsey, and Canon of Winchester, and sister of Sir John Kennaway, Bart., on Feb. 14, aged seventy-seven, in Great Cumberland-place.

Mr. Wilbraham Spencer Tollemache of Dorfold, in the county of Cheshire, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff of that county in 1865, formerly in the Rifle Brigade and Coldstream Guards, on Feb. 15, aged eighty-two. He was second son of Vice-Admiral J. B. Delap Halliday, who took the surname Tollemache, in right of his mother, Lady Jane Tollemache, younger daughter and coheir of Lionel, third Earl of Dysart. Mr. Wilbraham Tollemache married, in 1844, Anne, eldest daughter and heiress

of the Rev. James Tomkinson of Dorfold, and had, with junior issue, a son, Major Henry James Tollemache, now M.P. for West Cheshire.

Mr. George Marmaduke Alington of Swinhope House, Lincolnshire, J.P. and D.L., on Feb. 18, in his ninety-third year. The Alingtons of Swinhope are a younger branch of the old Norman family of Alington of Horseheath, ennobled in 1682.

Miss Maud Naftel, A.R.W.S., an accomplished young artist, whose flower-pieces have for some time been a charming feature of the exhibitions. She was the daughter of Paul Naftel, the landscape-painter, and her mother is also an artist of considerable merit.

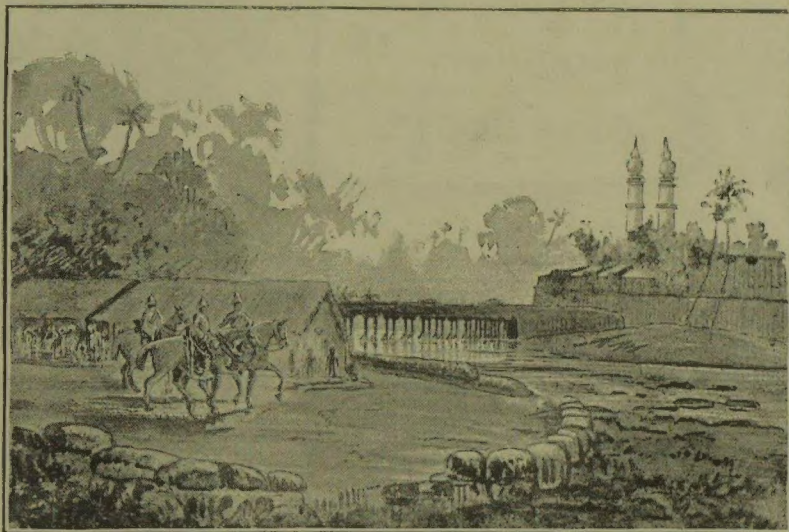
Mr. Edward Curphey Farrant, J.P., at his residence, Balla Killagan, near Ramsey, Isle of Man. He was the oldest member of the Manx House of Keys, having been chosen forty years ago. At the dissolution of the old house in 1864 he was returned under the new system for the county sheading of Ayre, which he represented until the last dissolution, when he retired in consequence of failing health.

Mr. David Carnegie of Stronvar, in the county of Perth, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff of Herts in 1877, on Feb. 15, at Aytoun Hill, Newburgh, in his seventy-seventh year. He went to Gothenburg in 1830, and became a partner in the firm of his uncle, David Carnegie, of that place, founded by his father, George Carnegie, sixth son of Sir John Carnegie, Bart. of Pitarrow, who escaped to Sweden after the battle of Culloden.

Mr. Adam Thom, LL.D., formerly Judge of Rupert's Land, British North America, on Feb. 21, at his residence in Torrington-square, aged eighty-seven. He early emigrated to Canada, where he established, in 1833, a journal called the *Settler*. Subsequently he became editor of the *Montreal Herald*. He assisted Mr. Charles Buller in drawing up Lord Durham's famous Report on the state of Canada, which was vigorously discussed in the House of Commons, and Mr. Thom was understood to be the chief author of the Report. In 1839 he was appointed Judge of Rupert's Land, a post which he filled until 1855.

THE FORT OF SERINGAPATAM.

The fortress of Seringapatam, 248 miles west of Madras, was formerly the capital of Mysore, and became in 1765 the abode of Hyder Ali, whose son, Tippoo Sahib, aided by the French, was the obstinate and troublesome enemy of the British Government from 1791 to 1799. Seringapatam was besieged in 1792 by the army of Lord Cornwallis, who defeated the fortress of Tippoo, and compelled him to surrender half the



ENTRANCE TO THE FORT OF SERINGAPATAM, SOUTHERN INDIA.

dominions of Mysore, and to pay a ransom of £3,300,000. Seven or eight years after, the war being renewed, this fortress was stormed, after an effective bombardment, by the British troops, 4376 strong, led by General Baird. Tippoo was killed, and the whole of Mysore was conquered. The proper name of the place is Sri Ranga Patna, derived from its founder, a Prince of the fifteenth century. It is situated on a small rocky island in the river Cauvery, and consists of a mean little town with a population of less than 12,000, massive ramparts enclosing a space of nearly one square mile, and a fortress containing the old palace and temple. The river, flowing rapidly amid blocks of granite, made it a strong position. Our View of the entrance-gate is from a sketch by Captain G. D. Carleton, of the 2nd Battalion of the Leicestershire Regiment, who recently, as Staff Officer, accompanied the rapid reconnaissance executed by Brigadier-General Bengough, with a party of the 21st Hussars, from the garrison of Bangalore.

The Hon. A. J. Tollemache has sent £50 to St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, Leicester-square.

The annual show of Shire horses was opened at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Feb. 25, and proved highly successful. The entries were far in excess of those of any previous year.

In Crossboyne Church, in the county of Mayo, was celebrated, on Feb. 25, the marriage of Mr. Maurice Des Graz of The Firs, Wimbledon, and the Hon. Mary Christina Brown-Guthrie, daughter of Lord Oranmore and Browne. The bride was given away by her father. Mr. Charles Des Graz, secretary to her Majesty's Embassy at Constantinople, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man. There were no bridesmaids.

Having recovered from his recent indisposition, the Lord Mayor presided, in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole, at the festival dinner held on Feb. 25 in aid of the funds of the North London, or University College, Hospital. In the course of an appeal on behalf of the institution, his Lordship stated that the committee were desirous, in order to meet the present demands on their resources, of rebuilding the hospital—a work that could not be commenced until £30,000 was received or promised. About £1562 was contributed at the festival.

Miss Wallis's matinée at the Globe on Feb. 25 in aid of the Destitute Children's Dinner Society proved very successful. Miss Wallis herself showed all her wonted skill in her clever delineation of the character of Adrienne Lecouvreur; and little Miss Vera Beringer and Miss Minnie Terry quite pathetically performed Mr. Clement Scott's new poetical sketch, which is a sympathetic appeal for public help to the waifs and strays of great cities, rendered all the more touching from the plaintiveness of the appeal coming from the two City Arabs who recite their woes "On a Doorstep."

MRS. LANGTRY IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."

Sorely trying as Mrs. Langtry probably found her long illness, this popular actress doubtless gathered consolation and courage from the inspiring sight of the fashionable and sympathetic audience that filled the St. James's Theatre on the opening night of her management, Monday, Feb. 24. Conspicuous in the Royal box were the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud and their elder sister, Princess Louise of Wales, with whom the Duke of Fife was observed conversing as assiduously as a bridegroom in the enjoyment of his honeymoon. The house, indeed, was as brilliant as a first night at the Opera. The warmest anticipations of Mrs. Langtry's friends were justified by the animated, bright, and cheerful performance that ensued of Shakespeare's delightful woodland comedy of "As You Like It," with a real flesh-and-blood Rosalind as the centre of attraction. Nervousness and her late indisposition possibly combined to prevent Mrs. Langtry from exhibiting in the first act that self-command and magnetic naturalness which were forthcoming in the charming forest scenes, enacted in a poetic glade beautifully painted by Mr. Bruce Smith. Rather overdone was Rosalind's distressful emotion while anxiously watching slender Orlando's wrestling bout with his muscular professional antagonist. But, once banished with the faithful Celia to the Forest of Arden, Rosalind, in becoming hose and doublet, was in her element, and fairly captivated one and all. Renowned for the beauty of her face and figure, both in the New World and in the Old, Mrs. Langtry made a most fascinating picture in her woodland guise; and the results of her patient study and constant practice on the American and English stage were seen in a marked improvement of her style of acting. Many skilful touches in her mock-courtship passages with Orlando might be dwelt upon; but it must suffice to say that, in doublet and hose, Mrs. Langtry was most attractive from first to last; and that Rosalind thoroughly merited the prolonged plaudits which greeted her at the close of her expressive delivery of the piquant epilogue. Mrs. Langtry was fortunate to have secured so fresh and sparkling a Celia as Miss Amy McNeil, and may also be particularly congratulated on her judgment in selecting for the part of Jaques Mr. Arthur Bouchier, whose intelligent reading of the part was the most acceptable we have had for many a long day. The dignified Duke of Mr. Charles Fulton, the spirited Orlando of Mr. Laurence Cautley, the melodious singing of Mr. Ager Grover as Amiens, the aged Adam of Mr. Fred. Everill, the gentlemanly Touchstone of Mr. Charles Sugden, the rustic Silvius of Mr. Matthew Brodie, the haughty Phebe of Miss Beatrice Lamb, and the mirthful, hoydenish Audrey of Miss Marion Lea, all helped to make the St. James's revival of "As You Like It" notable. It should be added that Miss Violet Armbruster acquitted herself well in the restored part of Hymen; that the tasteful costumes were designed by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield; and that a morris-dance and the orchestral accompaniments further contributed to the success of the brilliant revival.

ST. ANTONY'S DAY IN TENERIFE.

BLESSING THE BEASTS.

The Feast of St. Antony is celebrated in the small village of San Antonio, perched on the side of a hill not far distant from the now well-known valley of Orotava. Here is a little hillside chapel, containing what is supposed to be a peculiarly sacred image, with such miraculous powers that all animals brought before it, when blessed on this day, are preserved from evil during the coming year. For the good saint is regarded especially as the patron of cattle, and of all animals employed in agriculture; so the peasants, for miles around, bring their beasts, often starting at dawn, so as to be in time for "the blessing," which takes place about midday.

The scene is delightful to view, lit up with brilliant sunshine. The bright-blue sky reveals, in the background, the grand old peak, every feature of which can be discerned in the clear air, still snow-capped with its short winter's snow, and often gathering white cloud-wreaths, ready to hide itself at a moment's notice. Below stretches the sea, as bright as the sky, but of a darker blue, sharply defining the rocky coast, as far as eye can reach, with the white foam of its breakers.

The peasants are all in gala costume—the women in full, light-coloured print gowns, pinks and buffs being the favourites, with small round straw hats set on the top of their bright-coloured silk headkerchiefs; the men in white jackets, with scarlet-and-black striped waistcoats, red or sometimes blue sashes, curious short nether garments of dark-blue cloth, black gaiters, and large soft black felt hats, into the band of which is stuck a printed prayer to the saint. The oxdrivers are all furnished with long "barros," or goads, made of peach-wood and studded with brass nails. A good barro is a great treasure, and the sharp metal points are carefully preserved.

Mules, horses, oxen, and goats are collected in front of the little chapel, and are tethered or allowed to wander at leisure, according to the disposition of the animal. Little white booths are dotted here and there for the sale of sweetmeats and roast pork, of which it is thought unlucky not to partake on this day, St. Antony having from all time been esteemed a special patron of pigs.

Meantime the chapel is crowded with worshippers, providing themselves with the printed prayers and with green wax tapers, which are handed out from behind the altar. Many of them, both men and women, perform the movement to and from the altar on their knees. The women, as well as the men, remove their hats in chapel, but the oxgoads are never laid aside. Before the blessing of the animals commences, the little image of the saint, under a flower-decked canopy, is carried round the chapel in procession. Again at the door the procession stops; the image is thrice inclined towards the people; and the blessing of St. Antony is read from a great book by the priest. This ceremony is performed three times. At the conclusion of each blessing the men raise a curious wild cry, almost like that of seabirds, and said to be derived from the ancient inhabitants, the Guanchos; they wave their hats in salutation to the saint.

The rest of the day is given up to the usual enjoyments of a *fiesta*, and in the evening, as the peasants return homeward, they have the satisfaction of feeling sure that their animals are now under the protection of the all-powerful San Antonio, and no harm can befall them in the ensuing year.—E. M. R.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland held, in Dublin Castle, on Feb. 25, his second Levée for the season, which was largely attended.

The annual meeting of the Newspaper Press Fund was held at the Society of Arts on Feb. 22—Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., presiding. The report, which stated that 199 new members had been elected in 1889, was unanimously adopted.

Adam (Mr. F. Everill).

Celia (Miss Amy McNeil).



Phebe (Miss B. Lamb).

Silvius (Mr. M. Brodle).

Audrey (Miss Marion Lea).

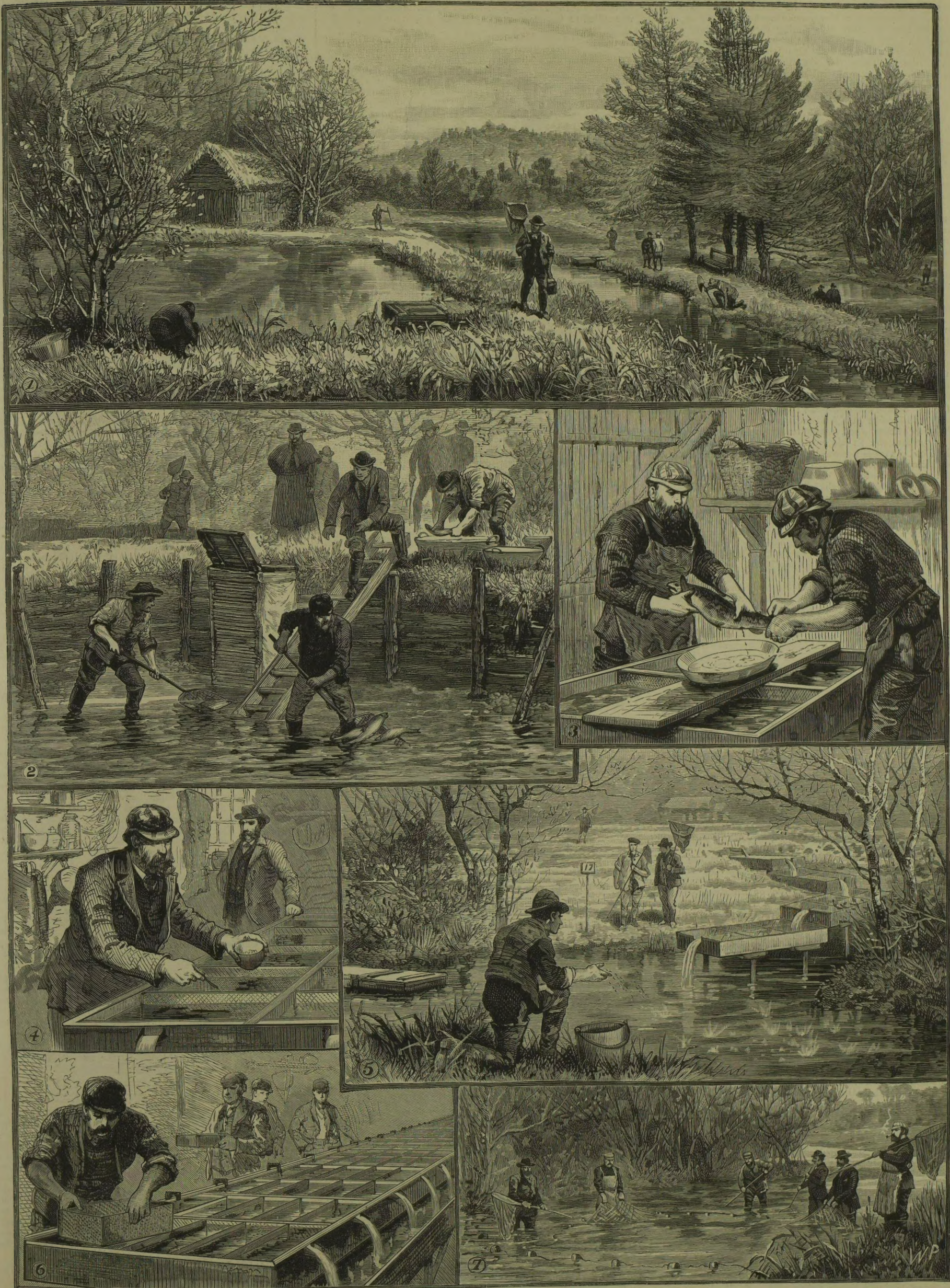
Touchstone (Mr. C. Sugden).

"AS YOU LIKE IT," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.



FESTIVAL OF ST. ANTONY AT THE CHAPEL OF SAN ANTONIO, TENERIFE.

SKETCH BY MISS E. A. MACDONALD RITCHIE.



1. Fish-breeding ponds of Mr. T. Andrews, at Hind Head, near Haslemere.

2. Catching the fish for the spawning operation.

3. Squeezing the ova from the female fish.

4. Adding the milt to the ova in the hatchling-house.

5. Feeding the fish.

6. Operations in the hatchling-house, at Gullford.

7. Netting a pond or stream.

FISH-BREEDING: A SURREY TROUT-FARM.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Albeit the Marquis of Salisbury was in fine voice on the opening day of the Session, his medical adviser deemed it prudent that the Prime Minister should, in order to complete his recovery, prolong his stay, with the Marchioness of Salisbury, in the neighbourhood of Bournemouth, the salubrity of which favourite seaside resort is becoming more and more widely recognised. Mr. Gladstone, who caught a cold in attending Lord Sydney's funeral, was also judiciously counselled to absent himself from the debilitating atmosphere of St. Stephen's, and was prevailed upon by Sir Andrew Clark to remain at home in St. James's-square for some days. It is satisfactory to know that the Premier and the right hon. gentleman are now much better.

The Lords continue to meet—but generally to part again as swiftly as possible. So the remarkably regular attendance of the Prince of Wales on the front cross bench has not been a great tax on the time of his Royal Highness. In the absence of Lord Salisbury, the Ministerial leadership in the Upper House has devolved now on Lord Cranbrook, then on Earl Cadogan, at another time on Lord Cross. Perhaps the Lord Chancellor has been busiest in introducing Bills—stimulated, mayhap, by the ubiquity and activity of Lord Herschell, whose restlessness has become quite habitual. On the Twenty-fourth of February Lord Herschell vied with Lord Halsbury as a law reformer; and both got their Public Trustee Bill and Trust Companies Bill referred to the Standing Committee on Law. To show their versatility, and peradventure to give the Lower House an example of dispatch, an hour and a quarter next day sufficed their Lordships to consider Lord Knutsford's Admiralty Jurisdiction Bill; to pass the Lord Chancellor's Crown Office Bill (saving £1400 by the appointment of Mr. Thesiger as Clerk at the Table); and likewise to supply a valuable discussion, initiated by Lord Harrowby, on the Government's non-fulfilment of Mr. Goschen's pledge to set the County Councils up with a dowry of three millions. On the whole, it is possibly just as well the Ministry was not in a position to fulfil this promise. Economy in expenditure may be best promoted by County Councils relying entirely on local taxation.

Lord Randolph Churchill has for the most part comported himself this Session in the Commons as a "silent member." It is now evident that, while busily twirling the ends of his fair moustache in his corner seat behind Ministers, the noble Lord has been moodily pondering on the waste of public time in the protracted debates on the Address. By a curious coincidence, it certainly happened that, on the morrow of my suggestion that the time was ripe for the abandonment of this formal ceremony, Lord Randolph Churchill, addressing a Paddington meeting, boldly counselled the adoption of the same course, in face of an abused practice, which, as he said, has become "not only a scandal but a public danger." His Lordship emphatically added, "It must be put an end to." I am happy to find myself in agreement with Lord Randolph Churchill on this point, and also upon another—that is, the procuring of a goodly sum for the Exchequer by means of a club license. As it happened, I ventured to recommend this new form of tax to a friend of Lord Randolph's a year ago; and I see it now figures as one of the clauses of his Lordship's Licensing Bill.

The sudden death of Mr. Biggar from heart-disease removes a familiar figure from the ranks of Mr. Parnell's adherents. Regarding the powerful Parnellite phalanx as it now is, some eighty-five strong, it may not be easy for some hon. members to realise the fact that this influential Irish Home Rule party was practically created by two determined men—Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar, the latter quaint, misshapen oddity, yet a man endeared to his intimates, being the virtual author of Parliamentary obstruction, developed into all-night sittings. What a change it was, to be sure, from the late Mr. Butt's eloquent but forcibly feeble advocacy of Home Rule to the dogged pertinacity of Mr. Biggar and Mr. Parnell, whose resolute persistence in the policy marked out by them has built up a party which sways the fortunes of Ministries! Mr. Biggar, who was a steadfast lieutenant of Mr. Parnell, and a most devoted "Whip," may be said to have died in harness, as he expired on the morrow of the vote on his chief's amendment to the Address, having taken part in the division. His fidelity to the cause he had at heart will doubtless long be gratefully remembered by his colleagues.

Mr. Parnell has no lack of eloquent followers, the most fluent being Mr. Sexton, who on Feb. 24 resonantly tolled the knell of the evicted tenants of Clongorey, in order to champion whom, and to vilify the administration of Dublin Castle, he moved the adjournment. Mr. Sexton met with a ready response from Mr. Balfour; and Sir Charles Russell and the Attorney-General for Ireland took part in the debate on the motion, which was only negatived by the small majority of 42—a result which drew vociferous cheers from the Irish members below the gangway.

The most engrossing Parliamentary topic is the forthcoming debate on Mr. Smith's motion to accept the report of the Parnell Commission, and to thank the Commissioners. To this Mr. Gladstone, through Mr. John Morley, gave notice of an amendment of a reasonable nature, to express the satisfaction of the House at the refutation of "the false charges of the gravest and most odious description, based on calumny and forgery, which have been brought against members of this House, and particularly against Mr. Parnell." But there were many important debates before the Leader of the House saw the Address agreed to. These can but briefly be referred to. Thus, Dr. Clark, on Feb. 20, found his motion for a Scottish Home Rule Legislature rejected by 181 to 141 votes; on Feb. 19, Mr. Arthur Acland's motion in favour of Free Education was negatived by 223 to 163; and on Feb. 24, Mr. A. Thomas started a fruitless debate on Home Rule for Wales, Mr. Cuninghame Graham elicited the opinions of Mr. Bradlaugh and Lord Randolph Churchill on the Eight-Hours Question; and it was not until Feb. 25 that Mr. Smith was enabled to secure any votes for the Supplementary Estimates.

The Bishop of London presided on Feb. 24 at the board meeting of the Bishop of London's Fund. The total receipts of the fund for the past year had been £27,785, being £4700 in excess of those of 1888; £21,998 had been expended, of which £12,000 was for churches and mission buildings.

A successful concert was recently given in Essex Hall in aid of the St. Clement Danes' Schools, Strand. The ladies who assisted were Mrs. Gabell, Miss Pennington, Miss Uncles (vociferously encored), Misses Hall, Stead, Pelham, and Harris. Mr. Peters and Mr. C. Isaacson gave recitations which delighted the audience. The other singers were Mr. Owen, Mr. Child, Mr. Conrad (encored), Mr. Knapp, and others. The choir sang admirably several part-songs. There was a full attendance, and the net proceeds amounted to about £25. On Sunday special Lent sermons are announced at the church of St. Clement Danes—in the morning by the Rector; in the evening by the Rev. William Windle, M.A., Rector of St. Stephen, Walbrook.

THE NEW JUDGE.

Mr. John Compton Lawrance, Q.C., M.P., who has been raised to the Judicial Bench in the place of Mr. Justice Field, who has resigned, was born in 1832, and is the only son of Mr. Thomas Munton Lawrance of Dunsby Hall, Lincolnshire. He was called to the Bar in 1859, became a Q.C. in 1877, and a



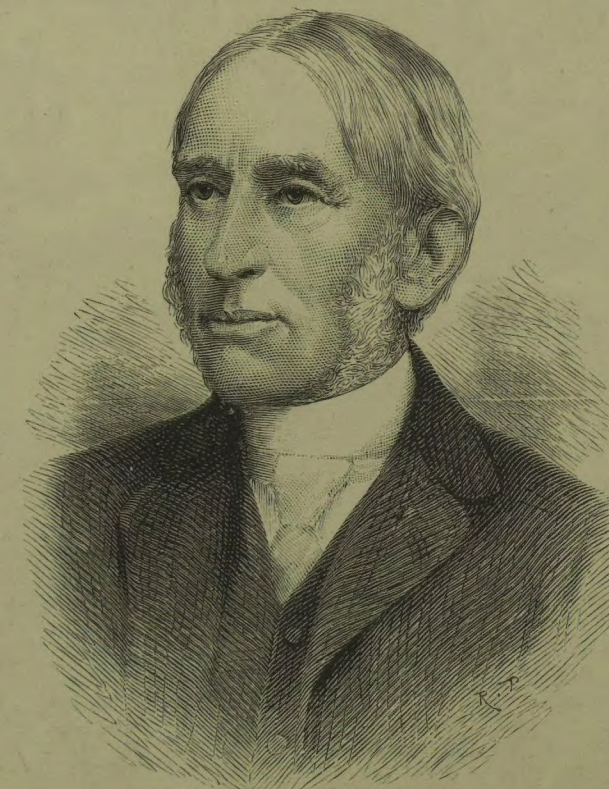
THE NEW JUDGE, MR. J. C. LAWRENCE, Q.C., M.P.

Bench of Lincoln's Inn in 1879. He was for some time a Revising Barrister, and became Recorder of Derby in 1880. Mr. Lawrance represented South Lincolnshire from 1880 to 1885, and since then has sat for the Stamford Division, his return on the last occasion being unopposed.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, of Baker-street.

THE LATE SIR LOUIS MALLET, C.B.

The Right Hon. Sir Louis Mallet, C.B., late Permanent Under-Secretary of State for India, died on Feb. 16, at Bath. He was born in 1823, the second son of the late Mr. John Louis Mallet of Hampstead, near Middlesex, by Frances, his wife, daughter of the late Mr. John Herman Merivale of Barton Place, Devonshire. He entered the Audit Office, as a clerk, in 1839, and was transferred to the Board of Trade in 1847. He acted as private secretary to two Presidents of the Board of Trade—first, from 1848 to 1852, to Lord Taunton, and secondly, from 1855 to 1857, to Lord Stanley of Alderley. He was an Assistant Commissioner for negotiating the Commercial Treaty with France in 1860, and was a joint Plenipotentiary for negotiating the Treaties of Commerce and Navigation with Austria in 1866. He was Assistant Secretary to the Board of Trade from 1866 to 1872, a member of the Council of India from 1872 to 1874, and Permanent Under-Secretary of State for India from 1874 to 1883. He received the decoration of C.B. in 1866, and two years later he was made a Knight Bachelor. In 1883 his name was added to the Privy Council. The deceased gentleman married, Aug. 19, 1858, Frances Helen,



THE LATE RIGHT HON. SIR LOUIS MALLET, C.B.

fourth daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. Edward Pellew, brother of the second Viscount Exmouth, and had four sons.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Hill and Saunders, of Oxford.

The Earl of Yarborough has offered his leasehold tenants at Grimsby the option of enfranchising their holdings, on payment of twenty-five years' purchase of their annual rents.—The annual rent courts of Lord St. Levan in Cornwall have now been ended. At all of them the farmers had a rebate of twenty per cent in their rents, and the market gardeners had ten per cent. There has been a St. Aubyn as freeholder, and a Sampson Hosking as leaseholder, in lineal descent at Kimyell Mills for six hundred years.

THE WATERLOO COURSING CUP.

On Wednesday, Feb. 19, and two days following, the annual meeting of the National Cup was held at Altcar, near Liverpool. The running for the Waterloo Cup was on the ground at the Gore House Carrs. The winner, in an exciting competition, was Colonel North's dog Fullerton, which last year divided this prize with Troughend, his kennel companion. In the final contest, between Fullerton and the bitch Downpour, entered by Mr. J. Trevor nd (Mr. N. Dunn), the running was very close and even, but the victory was decisive. Fullerton's first appearance when a puppy was at Haydock Park in September 1888. On that occasion he ran up to Greengage for the Haydock Derby, in which he beat many others. On December 15, 1888, at Mr. E. Dent's sale at Mr. Rymill's Repository, Barbican, he was sold to Colonel North for 850 guineas, but still he remained under Mr. Dent's charge, and was trained by him for the Waterloo Cup. Our Sketches on the course show Fullerton in all his glory.

FISH-BREEDING: A SURREY TROUT-FARM.

The artificial culture of trout and salmon is largely practised at several establishments in Great Britain—at Howitoun, near Stirling, by Sir James Maitland; by Mr. Armistead, at Dumfries; at Malvern, in the Midland Counties Fish Culture Establishment, founded by the late Mr. William Burgess; and by Mr. Thomas Andrews, of Westgate House, High-street, Guildford, who is in occupation of many breeding-ponds amid the noble range of hills on the southern border of Surrey, adjacent to Hampshire and Surrey, in the neighbourhood of Haslemere. In the grounds behind his residence at Guildford, where the river Wey flows at the bottom of his garden, he has converted what was formerly a greenhouse into a commodious and well-arranged hatching-house, to which the ova are brought from his ponds. During the past twenty-three years Mr. Andrews has successfully carried on his piscicultural operations, producing more than fifty millions of trout, American char, and grayling, which he supplies, in ova, fry, or yearlings, to rivers in every part of the United Kingdom, also sending the impregnated ova to Australia, Ceylon, America, Italy, Spain, France, Belgium, and other foreign countries. The anglers of Hampshire, Kent, and all the southern counties of England are much indebted to Mr. Andrews for his assistance in stocking their rivers. Upwards of two millions and a half of ova are annually laid down at Guildford, and are sent, in specially constructed packing-boxes, to all parts of the world.

On the "trout-farm," of about eight acres, situated on the southern slope of the well-known hill called Hind Head, near Haslemere, 350 ft. above the sea-level, Mr. Andrews has twenty ponds, fed by nearly a hundred springs. They form a compact series, part of which is shown in our Illustrations. The natural fall of the ground admits of ponds on eight different levels. At the time our Artist visited these ponds, the water of one of them was being drawn off, for the purpose of catching the fish for the spawning operation. When all the fish were collected, removed to the "spawning-shed," and examined, they were operated upon by Mr. Andrews and his assistants. The fish are gently handled, in the position shown in the Sketch, and the ova are taken from the female fish. The milt from the male fish is afterwards added. After being thoroughly washed of all impurities the eggs are placed in cans, and taken to the hatchery at Guildford. Two of our Sketches show the manipulation in the hatching-house.

The collecting of ova necessitates much exposure to wet and cold, occurring as it does in the winter months, although most of the spawning is done under cover in the "shed" at the ponds. The fingers are sometimes so numbed, after handling 500 or 600 fish, that one has been unable to take a watch out of his own pocket.

Mr. Andrews has numerous other ponds in the vicinity, but the arrangement of this series will strike anyone having a knowledge of fish-culture as being of the very greatest advantage. Some of these ponds contain yearling trout and grayling of four to seven inches; others, two-year-olds from seven to twelve inches; and some hold still larger fish, the favourite varieties of *Salmonidae* being *S. fario*, *S. leucenis*, *S. fontinalis*, and grayling. The Loch Leven trout, crossed with the English trout, produce a fine artificial variety. The American char, *S. fontinalis*, is also highly appreciated. Mr. Andrews has carefully studied the improvement of breeds of fish.

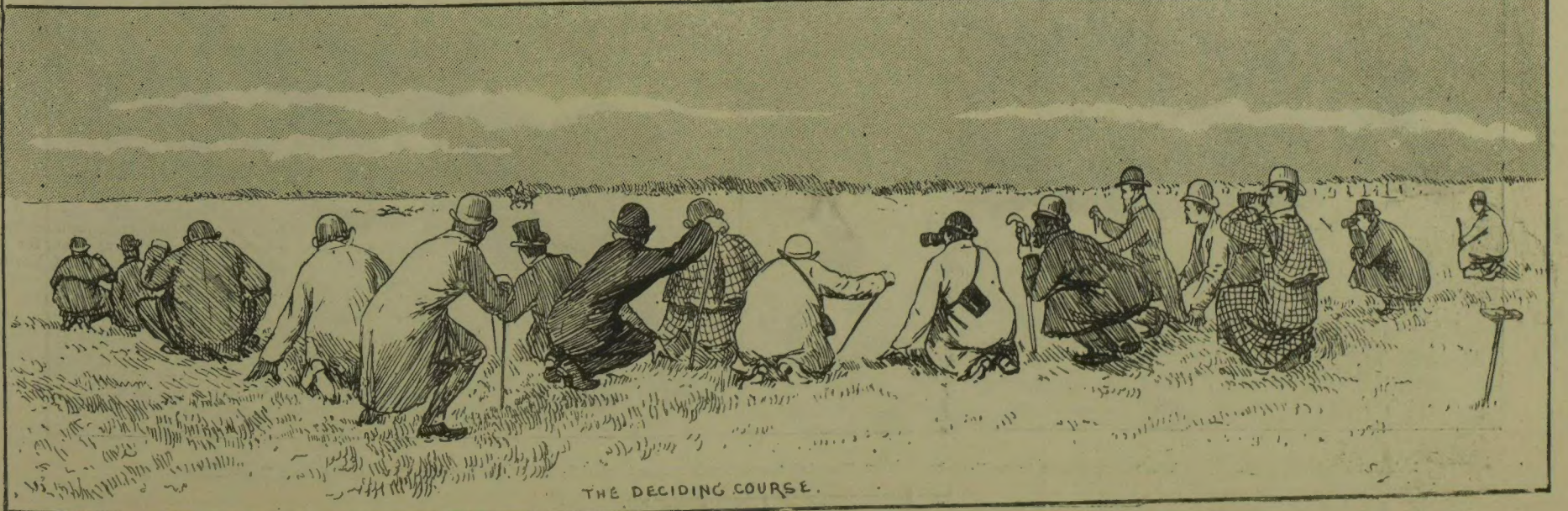
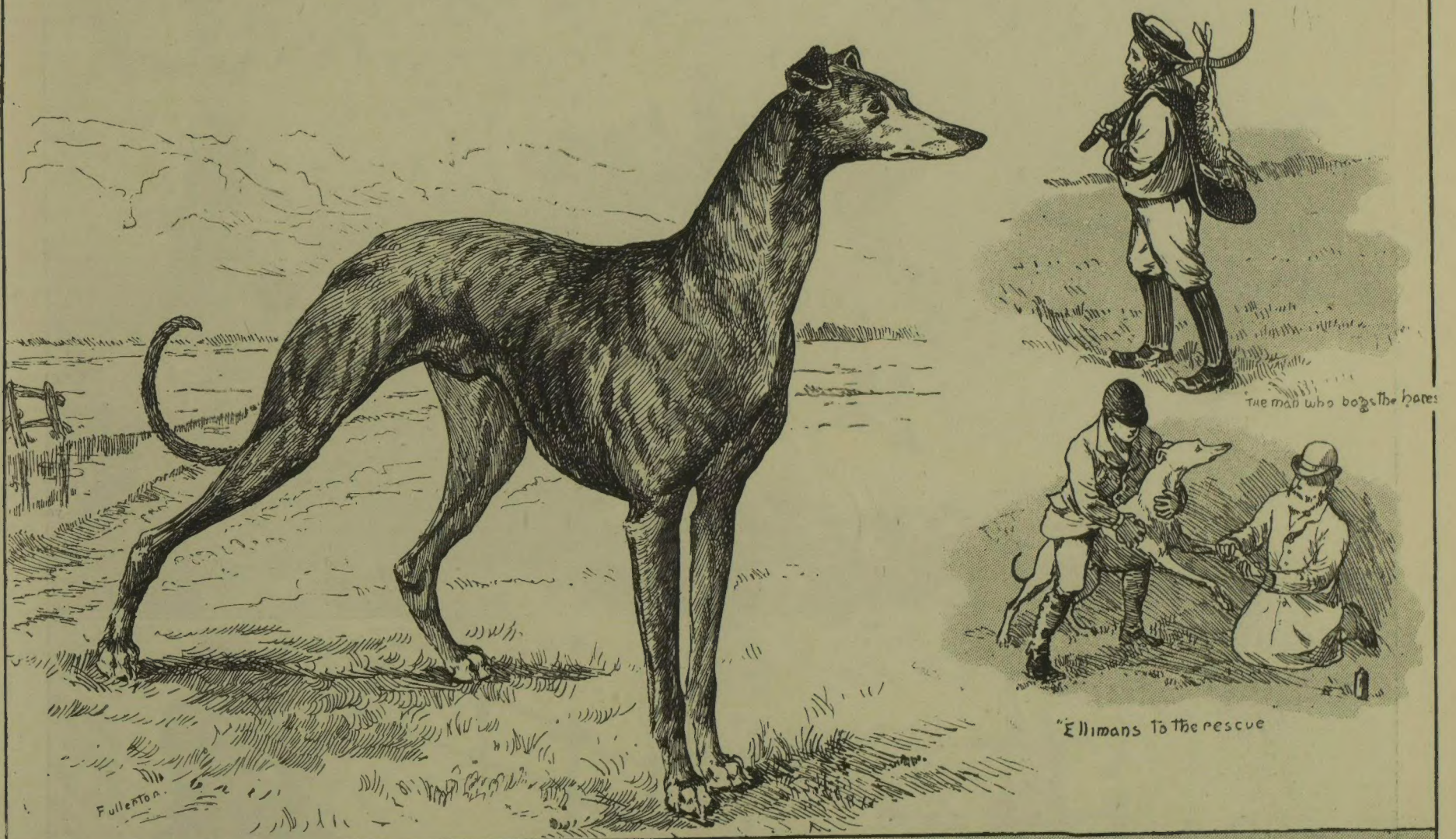
The natural kinds of food for trout—namely, *Limnaea* (snails) and *Gammarus pulex* (fresh-water shrimp)—are cultivated here in vast quantities. Mr. Andrews attributes the rapid growth and development of his fish to the suitability of the water and to judicious feeding, every fish coming out perfectly clean, with no sign of parasite or fungus. There is much to be looked after all the year round, if the fish are to be brought to maturity, as they have numerous enemies both in the water and in the air.

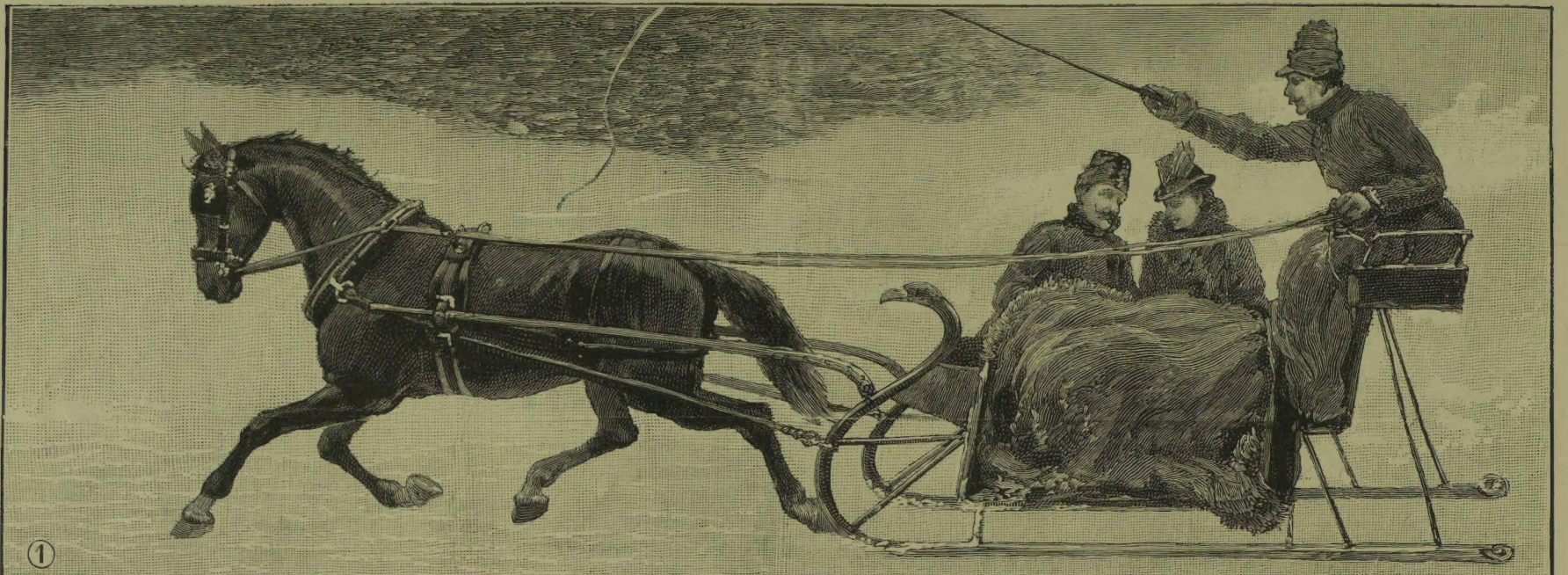
A very pretty sight is "Feeding the Fish." As soon as the first handful of food is thrown into the ponds, the fish rush from all points in thousands; and, in the height of the feeding season, one would get fairly wet, if standing on the edge of the pond, from the splashing of these spotted beauties, many of which weigh from 5 lb. to 8 lb. each. The large fish are fed daily upon horseflesh, boiled and ground up; the smaller fish, upon raw liver, in addition to the natural food in the water; but these require very little artificial food.

WINTER IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

The oldest of the British colonies, discovered in 1497 by Sebastian Cabot, sailing a Bristol ship, visited by Englishmen for the cod fishery in the reign of Henry VIII., and taken under regular government, for Queen Elizabeth, by Sir Humphry Gilbert in 1583, Newfoundland has yet been more backward than it ought to have been, for it is nearer to our own islands than any other country of North America, being within five days' steam-ship voyage across the Atlantic. Its population is still under 200,000, though it is larger than Ireland, and its climate is milder than that of Canada; the interior is quite uninhabited, agricultural and pastoral industry being too much neglected, as well as the mineral resources of the island, with the exception of copper, and there are few roads except along the southern coast.

A correspondent, Mr. J. F. Morris Fawcett, writing from Fort Townshend, St. John's, favours us with a few Sketches of winter scenes in Newfoundland. The first represents the work of ice-cutting on the lakes, by which a large number of men earn a livelihood in this season. After cutting blocks out, the holes freeze over again, and small trees are stuck in to warn people from crossing the lake. Another Sketch is that of the dog drawing a heavy slide with a man driving down the hill. The Newfoundland sleigh is of peculiar form, and is very convenient for narrow roads: this vehicle travels swiftly and safely. The situation of the mail steam-ship Circassian, stuck in the ice of the harbour, where she was detained nearly a week, is shown in one of these Illustrations.





1. A Newfoundland Sleigh.

2. Labourers cutting ice on the lake.

3. The Mail Steam-ship Circassian blocked by ice in the harbour.

4. Driving a Newfoundland dog.

WINTER SCENES IN NEWFOUNDLAND.



DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

She asked Peter, who only shook his head and pointed within.

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHANGE.

"A CHANGE," said Roland, "will surely come, and that before long. I cannot believe"—Armored remembered the words afterwards—"that you will stay on this island for ever." It needed no unusual gift of prophecy to foretell impending change when the most important member of the household was nearing her hundredth year.

The change foretold actually came in April, when the flower-fields had lost their beauty and the harvest of Scilly was nearly over. Late blossoms of daffodil still reared their heads among the thick leaves, though their blooming companions had all been cut off to grace London tables: there were broad patches of wallflower little regarded: the leaves of the bulbs were drooping and already turning brown: these were the signs of approaching summer to the Scillonian, who has already had his spring. On the adjacent island of Great Britain the primrose clustered on the banks; the hedges of the West Country were splendid, putting forth tender leaves over a wealth of wild flowers; the chestnut buds were swollen and sticky, ready to burst. Do we not know the signs and tokens of coming spring? On Scilly, the lengthening day—there are no hedges and no trees to speak of—the completion of the flower-harvest, and the drooping of the daffodil leaves in the fields are the chief signs of spring. Yet there are other signs: if there are no woods to show the tender

leaf of spring, there are the green shoots of the fern on the down: and there are the birds. The puffin has already come back: he comes in his thousands: he arrives in April, and he departs in September: whence he cometh and whither he goeth no man hath ever learned nor can naturalist discover. At the same time comes the guillemot, and sometimes the solan-geese: the tern and the sheerwater come too, if they come at all, in spring: but the wild ducks and the wild geese depart before the flower-harvest is finished.

Armored got up one morning in April a little earlier than usual. It was five o'clock: the sun was rising over Telegraph Hill on St. Mary's. She ran down the stairs, opened the door, and stood in the porch drawing a deep breath. No one was as yet stirring on Samson, though I think Peter was beginning to turn in his bed. Out at sea Armored saw a great steamer, homeward bound, perhaps an Australian liner: the level rays of the early sun shone on her spars and made them stand out clear and fine against the sky: behind her streamed her long white cloud of smoke and steam, hanging over the water, light and feathery. There were no other ships visible. The air was cold, but the sun of April was already strong. Armored shivered, caught her hat and ran over the hill, singing as she went, not knowing that in the night, while she slept, the Angel of Death had visited the house.

About seven o'clock she came back, having completely circumnavigated the island of Samson, and made, as usual, many curious observations and discoveries in the manners and

customs of puffins, terns, and shags. She returned in the cheerful mood which belongs to youth, health, and readiness for breakfast. She instantly perceived, however, on arriving, that something had happened—something unusual. For Peter stood in the porch: what was Peter doing in the porch at seven o'clock in the morning, when he ought to have been ministering to the pigs? Further, Peter was standing in the attitude of a boy who waits to be sent on an errand. It is an attitude of expectant readiness—of zeal according to duty—of activity bought and freely rendered. You will observe this attitude in all office-boys except telegraph-boys: they never assume it: they affect no zeal: they betray no eagerness to put in a fair day's work. Such an attitude would lack the dignity due to a Government officer. And, at sight of Armored, Peter hung his head as one who sorrows, or is ashamed or repentant. What did he do that for? What had happened? Why should he hang his head?

She asked these questions of Peter, who only shook his head and pointed within. She heard Justinian's voice giving some directions. She also heard Dorcas and Chessun. They were all three speaking in low voices. She hurried in. The door of the old lady's bed-room—that sacred apartment into which no one, except the two hand-maidens, had ever ventured—stood wide open; not only that, but Justinian himself was in the room—actually in the room—and beside the bed. Then Armored understood what had happened. On no other condition would Justinian be admitted to his old mistress's room. On the

other side of the bed stood Dorcas and Chessun. Seeing Armorel at the door, these two ladies instantly lifted up their voices and wailed aloud—nay, they shrieked and screamed their lamentations as if it was the first time in the world's history that death had carried off an aged woman. This they did by a kind of instinct: the thing, though they knew it not, was a survival. In ancient times it was the custom in Lyonesse that the women should all wail and weep and shriek and beat their breasts and tear their hair and cut their cheeks with their nails while the body of the dead king or warrior was carried up the slope of the hill to be laid in its kistvaen and covered with its barrow on Samson Island.

They wailed aloud, then, because it had always been the right thing for the women of Samson to do. Otherwise, when one so ancient dies at last, mind and memory gone before, what place is there for wailing and weeping? One natural tear we drop, for all must die; but grief belongs to the death-bed of the young. There needed no shriek of the women nor anyone's speech to tell Armorel that the white face upturned on the bed was not the face of a living woman. They had folded the dead hands across her breast: the eyes were closed: the countless wrinkles of the aged face were smoothed out: the lips were parted with a wan smile. After many, many years, Ursula, the widow, was gone to rejoin her husband. Pray Heaven her desire be granted, and that she rise again young and beautiful, such a woman as that ill-starred sailor, dragged to the bottom of the sea by the weight of Robert Fletcher's bag, had loved in life!

Peter presently sailed across the Road, and returned with the doctor. It is the part of the doctor not only to usher the newborn into life, but to bar or open the gates of the tomb: without him very few of us die, and without him no one can be buried. This man of science graciously expressed his willingness to acknowledge, though he had not been called in, that the deceased died of old age. Then he went back.

In the evening there was no music. The violin remained in its place: the great chair was empty: no one brought out the spinning-wheel: the table was not pushed back. How was the long evening to be got through without the violin? How could those ancient tunes be played any more in the presence of that empty chair? When the serving-folk came in as usual and sat round the fire, and the women sighed and moaned, and Justinian stimulated the coals to a flame, and the ruddy light played upon their faces, Armorel began to think that a continuance of these evenings would be tedious. Then they began to talk, the conversation naturally turning on Death and Judgment, and the prospects of heaven and the departed.

"She was not one of them," said Dorcas, "as would never talk of such things. I've often heard her say she wanted to rise again, young and beautiful, same as she was when her husband was took, so that he should love her again."

"Nay," said Justinian, "that's foolish talk. There's neither marrying nor giving in marriage there. You ought to know so much, Dorcas. Husbands and wives will know each other, I doubt not, if it's only for the man's forgiveness after the many crosses and rubs. 'Twould be a pity, wife, if we didn't know each other, golden crown and all. I'd be sorry to think you were not about somewhere."

Armorel listened without much interest. She wondered vaguely how Dorcas would look in a golden crown, and hoped that she might not laugh when she should be permitted to gaze upon her thus wonderfully adorned. Then she listened in silence while these thinkers followed up their speculations on the next world and the decrees of Heaven, with the freedom of their kind. A strangely brutal freedom! It consigns, without a thought of pity, the majority of mankind to a doom which they are too ignorant to realise and too stupid to understand. The deceased lady, it was agreed, might, perhaps—though this was by no means certain—have fallen under Conviction of Sin at some remote period, before any of them knew her. Not since: that was certain. And as for her husband, he was cut off in his sins—like all the Roseveans, struck down in his sins, without a warning. So that if the old lady expected to meet him, after their separation of nearly eighty years, on the Shores of Everlasting Praise, she would certainly be disappointed, because he was otherwise situated and disposed of. Therefore, she might just as well go up old and wrinkled.

This kind of talk was quite familiar to Armorel, and generally meant nothing to her. The right of private judgment is claimed and freely exercised in Scilly, where that branch of the Church Catholic called Bryanite greatly flourishes. Formerly, she would have passed over this talk without heeding. Now, she had begun to think of these, as well as of many other things. Roland's words on religious things startled her into thinking. She listened, therefore, wondering what view people like Roland Lee would take of her great-grandfather's present condition, and of the poor old lady's prospects of meeting him again. Then her thoughts wandered from these nebulous speculations, and she heard no more, though the conversation became lurid with the flames of Tartarus, and these old religioners gloated over the hopeless sufferings of the condemned. A sweet and holy thing, indeed, has mankind made of the Gospel of Great Joy!

Before they separated, Chessun rose and left the room noiselessly. Armorel had no experience of the situation, but she knew that something was going to be done, something connected with the impending funeral—something solemn.

In fact, Chessun returned after ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the others making a pretence of expecting nothing. Doctrinal meditation was written on Justinian's brow: resignation, on that of Dorcas. Chessun bore in her hands a tray with glasses and a silver tankard filled with something that steamed. It was a posset, made with biscuits, new milk and sherry, nutmeg and sugar—an emotional drink, strong, sweet, comforting, very good for mournful occasions, but, of late years, unfortunately, gone out of fashion.

They all had a glass, the two women moaning over their glasses, and the old man shaking his head. Then they went to bed.

They had a posset every night until the funeral. They buried the ancient dame on Bryher. A boat carried the coffin across the water to the landing-place in New Grinsey Sound, behind which stands the little old church with its churchyard. Armorel and her household followed in one of the family boats, as in a mourning-carriage. All the people of Trecco and Bryher were present at the funeral. And most of them came across to Samson after the ceremony to drink a glass of wine and eat a slice of cake, the women no longer wailing and the men no longer shaking their heads.

All the Roseveans who have escaped the vengeance of Mr. Fletcher's terrible bag lie in Bryher churchyard. They are mostly widows, poor things! They sleep alone, because their husbands' bones lie about among the tall weeds in the tranquil depths of ocean.

And Armorel, looking forward, thought with terror of the long silent evenings while the old serving-folk would sit round in the firelight, silent, or saying things that might as well have been left unsaid.

CHAPTER XIII.

ARMOREL'S INHERITANCE

"You are now the mistress, dearie," said Dorcas. "It is time that you should learn what that means."

It was the morning after the funeral—the Day of Accession—the beginning of the new Reign.

"Why, Dorcas, it makes no difference, does it? There are still the flowers and the house and everything."

"Yes—there's everything." The old woman nodded her head meaningly. "Oh! yes—there is everything. Oh! you don't know—you don't suspect—nobody knows—what a surprise is in store for you."

"What surprise, Dorcas?"

"You've never been into her room except to see her lying dead. It's your room now. You can go in whenever you like. Always the Master or the Mistress has slept in that room. When her father-in-law died she took the room. And she's slept in it ever since. And no one except me and Chessun to clean up and sweep and dust has ever been in that room since. And now it's yours."

"Well, Dorcas, it may be mine; but I shall go on sleeping in my own room."

"Then keep it locked—keep it locked up—day and night. There's nobody in Samson to dread—but keep it locked. As for sleeping in it, time enough, perhaps, when you come to marry. But keep it locked!"

"Why, Dorcas, what is in it?"

"I am seventy-five years old and past," Dorcas went on. "I was fifteen when I came to the house, and here I've been ever since. Not one of the grandchildren nor the great-grandchildren ever came in here. No one ever knew what is kept here."

"What is it, then?" Armorel asked again.

"She used to come here alone, by daylight, regularly once a month. She locked the door when she came in. No one ever knew what she was doing, and no one ever asked. One day she forgot to lock the door, and by accident I opened it, and saw what she was doing."

"What was she doing?"

"She'd opened all the cupboards and boxes, and she'd spread out all the things, and was counting, and—no—no—you may guess, when you have looked for yourself, what she was doing. I shut the door softly, and she never knew that I'd looked in upon her. She might have been overseen from the orchard, but no one ever went in there except to gather the fruit. To make safe, however, I've put up a muslin blind now, because Peter might take it into his head—boys go everywhere peering and prying. Nobody knows what I saw. I never even told Justinian. Men blab, you see: they get together, and they drink. Then they blab. You can never trust a man with a secret. How long would it be before Peter would let it out if he knew? Once over at Hugh Town drinking at a bar, and all the world would know in half an hour. No, no; the secret was hers: it was mine as well—but that was an accident—she never knew that: now it will be yours and mine. And we will tell nobody—nobody at all."

"Where shall I find this wonderful secret, Dorcas?"

"Wherever you look, dearie. Oh! The room is full of things. There can't be such another room in all the world. It's crammed with things. Look everywhere. If they knew, all the young lords and princes would be at your feet, Armorel, because you are so rich. Best keep it secret, though, and get richer."

"I so rich? Dorcas, you are joking."

"No—you shall look and find out. Not that you will understand at first—because, how should you know the value of things? Here's her bunch of keys. She always carried them in her pocket, and at night she kept them under her pillows, and there I found them, sure enough, when she was cold and dead. Take them, child. I never told her secret—no—not even to my own husband. Take the keys, child. They are yours—your own. You can open everything: you can look at everything: you can do what you like with everything. It's your inheritance. But tell no one," she repeated earnestly. "Oh! my dear, let it remain a secret. Don't let anyone see you when you come in here. Lock the door, as she did. And keep it locked."

The old woman led Armorel by the hand to the door of the room where there was to be found the Great Surprise. She opened it, placed a bunch of keys in her hand, pushed her in and closed it behind her, whispering, "Lock it, and keep it locked."

The girl turned the key obediently, wondering what would happen next.

The room was on the ground floor, looking out upon the orchard, with a northern aspect, so that the sun could only shine in for a small portion of the year, during the summer months. The apple-trees were now in blossom, the pink and white flowers bright in the sunshine contrasting with the grey lichen which wrapped every branch and hung down like ribbons. The room was the oldest part of the house, the only remaining portion of an earlier house: it was low and small: the fireplace had never been modernised: it stood wide open, with its dogs and its broad chimney: the window was of three narrow lights, one of which could be opened: all were still provided with the old diamond panes in their leaden setting. Armorel observed the muslin blind put up by Dorcas to keep out prying eyes. In dull and cloudy days the room would be gloomy. As it was, even with the bright sunshine out of doors, the air seemed cold and oppressive—perhaps from the fresh association of Death. Armorel shivered as she looked about her.

The greater part of the room was taken up by a large bed. In the old lady's time it had curtains and a head, and things at the four corners like the plumes of a hearse, but in faded crimson. Then it looked splendid. Now, the bed had been stripped: curtains and plumes and all were gone, and only the skeleton bed left, with its four great solid posts and its upper beams, and its feather bed lying exposed, with the bare pillow-cases upon the mattress. But the bedstead was magnificent without its trappings, because it was made of mahogany black with age: they no longer make such bedsteads. There was also a table—an old black table—with massive legs, but there was nothing on it.

Between door and wall there was a row of pegs, with a chair beneath them. Now, by some freak of chance, when Dorcas and Chessun hung up the ancient dame's things for the last time—her great bonnet, and the cap of many ribbons within it, and her silk dress—they arranged them so as to present a most extraordinary presentment of the venerable lady herself—much elongated and without any face—she seemed to be sitting in the chair below the pegs, dressed as usual, and nodding her great bonnet, but pulled out to eight or ten feet in length. Armorel caught the ghostly similitude and started, trembling. It seemed as if in a moment the wrinkled old face, with the hawk-like nose and the keen eyes, would come back to the bonnet and the cap. She was so much startled that she turned the bonnet round. And then the figure seemed watching with the shoulders. This was uncanny, but it was not so terrible as the faceless form.

Beside the fireplace was a cupboard, one of those huge cupboards which one only finds in the old houses: Armorel tried the door, but it was locked. Against the wall stood a chest of

drawers, brass-bound, massive. She tried the handles, but every lock was fast. Under the window stood an old sea-chest. It was a very big sea-chest. One would judge, from its rich carvings and its ornamental iron-work, that it was probably the sea-chest of an Admiral at least—perhaps that of Admiral Fernando Mureno, Armorel's ancestor, if such was his rank in the navy of his Catholic Majesty. The sight of this sea-chest caused the girl to shiver with the fear of expectation. Nobody contemplates the absolutely unknown without a certain fear. It contained, she was certain, the things that Dorcas had seen, of which she would not speak. The chest seemed to drag her: it cried, "Open me. Look inside me—see what I have got to show you."

Then she remembered, as one in a dream, hearing people talk. Words long forgotten came back to her. 'Twas in Hugh Town, whither she went across to school when she was as yet a little girl. "What have the Roseveans?"—thus and thus said the voice—"done with all their money? They've never spent anything: they've gone on saving and saving. Some day we shall find out what became of it." Was she going to find out what had become of it?

The old lady, in her most lucid moments, had never dropped the least hint of any inheritance, except that disagreeable necessity of getting drowned on account of the unfortunate Robert Fletcher. And that was not an inheritance to gladden the heart. Yet there was an inheritance. It was here, in this room. And she was locked in alone, in order that she, herself unseen by any, might discover what it was.

Baron Bluebeard's last wife—she who afterwards, as a beautiful, rich, and lively young widow, set so many hearts aflame—was not more curious than Armorel. Nor was she, in the course of her investigations, more afraid than Armorel. The girl looked nervously about the room so ghostly and so full of shadow. All old rooms have their ghosts, but some of them have so many that one is not afraid of them. There is a sense of companionship in a crowd of ghosts. This room had only one—that of the woman who had grown old in it—who had spent nearly eighty years in it. All the old ghosts had grown tired of this monotonous room, gone away and left the place to her. Armorel not only "believed in ghosts"—many of us accord to these shadows a shadowy, theoretical belief—she actually knew that ghosts do sometimes appear. Dorcas had seen many—Chessun herself, while not going actually that length, threw out hints. She herself had often, too, gone to look for them. Now she glanced nervously where the "things" were hanging, expecting to see the ancestral figure reappear, shoulders move, the bonnet and cap turn round, the old, old face within them, ready to warn, to admonish, and to guide. If this had happened, it would have seemed to Armorel nothing but what was natural and in the regular course of things looked for. But, outside, the sun shone on the white apple-blossom. No one is very much afraid of ghosts in the sunshine.

She encouraged herself with this reflection, and began with unlocking the chest of drawers. The lower drawers, when they were opened, contained nothing but the "things" of her great-grandmother. Among them was a box roughly made—a boy's box made with a jack-knife—it contained a gold watch with a French name upon it—a very old watch, with a representation of the Annunciation in low relief on the gold face. There were also in the box two or three gold chains and sundry rings and trinkets. Armorel took them out and laid them on the table. They were, she said to herself, part of her inheritance. Was this the Great Surprise spoken of by Dorcas? She tried the two upper drawers. They were locked, but she easily found the right key, and opened them. She found that they were filled with lace; they were crammed with lace. There were packets of lace tied up tight, rolls of lace, cardboards with lace wound round and round—an immense quantity of lace was lying in these drawers. As for its value, Armorel knew nothing. Nor did she even ask herself what the value might be. She only unrolled one or two packets, and wondered vaguely what in the world she should do with so much lace. And she wished it was not so yellow. Yet the packets she unrolled contained Valenciennes—some of it half a yard wide, precious almost beyond price. Armorel knew, however, very well how it had got there, and what it meant. The descendant of so many brave runners was not ignorant that lace, velvet, silk and satin, brandy and claret, all came from the French coast with which her gallant forefathers were so familiar before the Preventive Service interfered. This, then, was left from the smuggling times. They had not sold all. They had kept enough, in fact, to stock half a dozen West-End shops, to adorn the trousseau of fifty Princesses. And here the stuff had lain undisturbed since—well, perhaps, since the unfortunate visit of Mr. Robert Fletcher.

"My inheritance, so far," said Armorel, "is a pile of yellow lace and a gold watch and chain and some trinkets. Is this the Great Surprise?" But she looked at the sea-chest. Something more must be there.

Next she turned to the cupboard. It was locked and double-locked. But she found the key. The cupboard was one of those great receptacles common in the oldest houses, almost rooms in themselves, but dark rooms, where mediaeval housekeepers kept their stores. In those days, housekeeping on a respectable scale meant the continual maintenance of immense stores. All the things which now we get from shops as we want them were then laid in store long before they were wanted. Outside the country town there were no shops; and, even in London itself, people did not run to the shop every day. The men had great quantities of shirts—three clean shirts a day was the allowance of a solid city man under good Queen Anne—a city man who respected himself: the women had a corresponding quantity of flowered petticoats. Wine was by no means the only thing laid down for future years. All these accumulations helped to give solidity to the appearance of life. When a woman thought of her cupboards filled with fine linen and a man of his cellars filled with wine, the uncertainty and brevity of life alleged by the Preacher seemed not to concern them. It would be absurd to lay down a great bin of good port if one was not going to live long enough to drink it. The fashion, therefore, has its advantages.

Armorel threw open the door and looked in. The place was so dark that she was obliged to light a candle in order to examine the shelves running round the sides of the cupboard. There was a strange smell in the place, which, perhaps, had not been opened for a long time. Bales of some kind lay upon the upper shelves. Armorel took down two and opened them. They contained silk—strong, rich silk. She rolled them up and put them back. On a lower shelf was a most singular collection. In the front row were one—two—no fewer than six punch-bowls, all of silver except one, and that was of silver-gilt. This must be the Great Surprise. Armorel took them all out and placed them on the table. For the most part they showed signs of having been used with freedom—one has heard of an empty punch-bowl being kicked about the place as a conclusion to the feast. But six punch-bowls! "They came," said Armorel, "from the wrecks." Behind the punch-bowls were silver candlesticks, silver snuffers, silver cups, silver tankards—some with coats-of-arms, some with names

engraved. There was also a great silver ship, one of those galleons in silver which formerly adorned Royal banquets. All these Armored took out and arranged upon the table. Among them was a tall hourglass mounted in silver. Armored set the sand running again, after many years. On the floor there were packets and bundles tied up and rolled together. Armored opened one of them, and, finding that it contained a packet of gold lace and a pair of gold epaulettes, she left them undisturbed. And standing against the wall, she looked behind the bundles of gold lace, were swords—dozens of swords. What could she do with swords? Well, then, now, at last, she had found the Great Surprise. But still the sea-chest seemed to drag her and to call to her: "Open me! Open me! See what I have got for you!"

"So far, then," she said, "I have inherited a pile of lace; a gold watch, rings, and chains; six punch-bowls, twenty-four silver candlesticks, twelve silver cups, four great tankards, a silver ship. I know not how many old swords, and a bundle of gold lace. I wonder if these things make a person rich?"

If so, great wealth does not satisfy the soul. This was certain, because Armored really felt no richer than before. Yet the array of punch-bowls was truly imposing, and the silver candlesticks, the snuffers, the tankards, the cups, and the ship, though they sadly wanted the brush and the chamois leather, with a pinch of "whitenin'," were worthy of a College Plate-Room. One might surely feel a little elation at the thought of owning all this silver, even if one did not understand its intrinsic value. But, like the effect of champagne, such elation would quickly wear off.

Next, Armored remembered the secret cupboard at the head of the bed. Her own bed had its secret recess at the head—every respectable bedstead used formerly to have them. Where else could money be hidden away safely? To be sure, everybody knew this hiding-place, but everybody pretended not to know. It was an open secret, like the concealed drawer in a school-boy's desk. Our forefathers were full of such secrets that everybody knew. The stocking in the teapot: the receptacle under the hearthstone: the hidden compartment in the cabinet: the secret room: the secret staircase: the recess in the head of the bed—these were all secrets that everybody knew and everybody respected. I think that even the burglar respected these conventions. Armored knew how to open the panel—she found the spring and it flew open, rustily, as if it had not been opened for a great many years. Behind the panel was a recess eighteen inches long and about nine inches deep. And here stood a Black Jack—nothing less than a Black Jack; a quart Jack, not a Leather Bottell, but a tankard made of tin and painted with hunting scenes something like an Etruscan vase, or perhaps more like a Brown George. Why should anyone want to hide away a Black Jack? This quart pot, however, held something better than stingo—even stronger: it was half-filled with foreign money. Here were moldores, doubloons, ducats, pieces-of-eight, Louis d'ors, Spanish pillar dollars, sequins, gold coins from India—nothing at all in the pot less than a hundred years old. Armored took out a handful and looked at them. Well, gold coins do look like money. She began to feel really rich. She had a quart tankard half full of gold coins. She added the Black Jack to the other treasures on the table. All this foreign money must have come out of the wrecks. And, since it was all so old, out of wrecks that had happened before the memory even of the ancient lady. This, then, was perhaps the Great Surprise.

But there remained the sea-chest under the window, and again, when Armored looked upon it, the chest continued to call to her, "Open me! Open me! See what I have for you!"

Armored found the key which unlocked it, and threw open the lid. Within, there was the deep tray which belongs to every sea-chest. This was filled with a quantity of uninteresting brown canvas bags. She wanted to see what was below, and tried to lift the tray, but it was too heavy. Then, still regarding the bags as of no account, she took one out. It was heavy, and when she lifted it there was a clink as of coin. It was tied tightly at the mouth with a piece of string. She opened it. Within there were gold coins. She took out a handful: they were all sovereigns, some of them worn, some quite new and fresh from the Mint. She poured out the whole contents of the bag on the table. Why, it was actually full of golden sovereigns. Nothing else in the bag. All golden sovereigns! And there were five hundred of them. She counted them. Five hundred pounds! She had never, it is true, thought much about money—but—five hundred pounds! It seemed an amazing sum. Five hundred pounds! And all in a single bag. And such a little bag as this. She put back the money and tied up the bag.

Then she took out another bag. This was as big as the first, and heavier. It was full of guineas—Armored counted them. There were also five hundred of them. Some of them were so old that they bore the impression of the elephant, and therefore belonged to the seventeenth century. But most of them belonged to the eighteenth century, and bore the heads of the three first Georges. Five hundred guineas—and never before had Armored seen a guinea! Well, she thought, that made a thousand pounds. She took up another bag and opened it. That, too, weighed as much and was full of gold. And another, and yet another. They were all full of gold. And now she knew what Dorcas meant—this—nothing but this—was the Great Surprise! Not the punch-bowls, or the lace, or the bales of silk, but these bags full of gold constituted her wealth. She understood money, you see: lace and silk were beyond her. This was her inheritance!

(To be continued.)

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

Professor Burdon Sanderson, M.D., has been giving his experiences of Egypt as a health resort in a medical contemporary. It is always interesting to hear what doctors have to say about the countries which are most affected by the public in the matter of health-restoration, and Dr. Burdon Sanderson's remarks will, therefore, be read with interest by not a few of my readers. He says that for persons who are free from organic disease, and only require "picking up" in a health-sense, Egypt is not the best place to go to, because its climate predisposes to indolence, and because the opportunities for exercise are certainly of limited nature. At Cairo, Dr. Burdon Sanderson remarks, "there are but two drives, which are tolerable, and no inviting walks"; and as regards Upper Egypt, "unless you are strong enough to make expeditions of several hours, there is nothing to be done." But, for persons who suffer from chest-disease, or for those who desire and need bodily rest, Egypt is specially adapted. Dr. Burdon Sanderson is very severe on Cairo. "As regards Cairo," he adds, "the advice to give them is to avoid living in it. There is," he continues, "now no longer any difficulty in doing this, and that without sacrificing the pleasures and advantages of exploring it thoroughly. Close to the Pyramids of Ghizeh, at an hour and a half's distance from Cairo, a hotel has been built on the slope leading up to the rocky plateau on which these wonders of the world stand. The hotel is placed at a level about as much above that of the cultivated land between the Pyramids and Cairo, as it is below that of the plateau of the Pyramids. The air is that of the desert; the comforts enjoyed by the guests are those of a first-class hotel."

Summing up his experiences (which should be more than valuable for those of my readers who may contemplate a visit to Egypt for health reasons), Dr. Burdon Sanderson concludes thus: "The gist of what I have said is—that if you want merely to be 'pulled together' or 'braced up' after an illness, at a time of year when the climate of England forbids out-of-door life, then go to the Riviera, to Corsica, or to Italy, rather than to Egypt. If you want above all rest of body and mind, absolute immunity from cold winds and inclement weather, and unlimited sunshine, you will find what you desire in the valley of the Nile. Make your home for the exploration of the former at the Pyramids; for the latter, on a dahabiyeh, or, if that is unattainable, on a postal steamer, spending a few nights as possible in hotels."

Colour-blindness, or "Daltonism," is a condition which is of much more common occurrence than is usually supposed. One can readily imagine how important it is that railway officials should be tested as regards their power of recognising colours; while sailors must be included in the list of persons to whom a correct knowledge of colours is a vital necessity as regards the public safety. I hear that the Royal Society of London contemplates the formation of a committee to investigate this subject. This, it seems to me, is the true mission of science. If, apart from Parliament altogether, and solely in the public interest, the chief of our learned bodies undertakes such a mission, we must recognise in the action a very apt illustration of how science tells upon the life of man. If the Royal Society's committee on colour-blindness should become a thing of reality, we may look for definite information regarding not merely the prevalence of the sight defect in question but also concerning the best means of testing persons for colour-vision.

I observe that Dr. Zwaardemaaker, of Utrecht, has of late been experimenting on the sense of smell. He has devised an instrument which consists of a glass tube with an upward curving part to be inserted in the nostril. A short movable cylinder made of some substance which gives off odorous particles fits over the outer and straight end of the tube. On inhaling the subject perceives no odour so long as this cylinder does not project beyond the inner tube; but the farther it is pushed out, the larger is the scented surface presented to the entering air, and the stronger is the odour perceived. Dr. Zwaardemaaker studies mixture of odours by applying a cylinder saturated with a scented body to the end of the instrument, and varying the length of the two odoriferous substances. He regards a double instrument better, because it possesses one tube for each nostril. With this double instrument one may easily experience how one odour will overwhelm another. Thus rubber causes the smells of paraffin, wax, and tolu to disappear. Even with very strong smelling-matters, there is never seen a mingling of sensations. Either the one or the other odour is perceived, till by careful equilibration of the two no sensory effect at all is perceived.

Fishes are not among the animals from which sounds are usually expected to be heard, yet we know of various kinds which are capable of producing marked noises. The most recent information which has come to hand regarding this topic is afforded by Professor Moebius, who, at a meeting of the Berlin Physiological Society, gave an account of a "drumming" fish which inhabited the sea around Mauritius. When visiting that island, he saw a fish of a bright blue colour in the waters of the harbour, and noted that, when the fish was caught and held in the hand, it emitted a striking sound, like that of a drum. Behind the gill-slit of the fish, the skin was observed to be in vibration. It would seem that a very curious apparatus in this fish gives rise to the sound in question. A long bone, lying behind the collar-bone of the fish, forms a kind of lever, and this lever moves to and fro easily and rapidly. The movement over the collar-bone produces a crackling noise, and, as the swimming-bladder intensifies the noise, and acts as a resonator, the sound becomes that of "drumming." The motions of the fish also appear to intensify the sound. The fish is known scientifically as *Balistes aculeatus*; and the habit of producing sound is not known to occur in other members of its family.

The advocates of "rational dress" for women are making progress, I should say; and it is to be hoped that they will succeed in converting the female sex at large to their views. I should have imagined that it had been long ago proved that tight-lacing was both a useless and a dangerous practice; yet it flourishes, all the same. Reform is slow, but sure; and if my lady-friends, the dress-reformers, will only keep "pegging away," and not either formulate too much or expect too much, they are certain to succeed in the long-run. I am tempted to make these remarks by observing that at a recent girls' athletic competition held in London the non-corset wearers came off markedly victorious over their laced-up friends. Of course, the wearing of a rational corset, which exercises no injurious pressure, and which does not constrict the chest, is not to be condemned; but, on the whole, the public mind should be taught that, as corsets are ordinarily worn, they are both injurious and deforming in tendency, and as such deserve to be reformed altogether—but this is a matter for the ladies, and I must call a halt.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.

The publication, on March 3, of our Special Number, containing a series of Illustrations of Mr. H. M. Stanley's romantic Expedition across Central Africa, from the Congo to the Nile Lakes, supplied by the sketches and notes of several officers of the Expedition, with a complete historical narrative, will allow us to dispense with further recapitulation of the adventures and discoveries attending that remarkable journey. Our Special Artist, Mr. Joseph Bell, was at Zanzibar on Dec. 29, in time to meet Mr. Stanley there, and to arrange for the use of those original materials which were put into shape for the *Illustrated London News* by him and by Lieutenant W. G. Stairs, R.E., Mr. A. J. Mounteney-Jephson, and Captain R. H. Nelson, during their voyage on board the steam-ship Katoria up the Red Sea to Suez. We are indebted also to Mr. Churchill, her Majesty's Vice-Consul at Zanzibar, for some photographs taken by him at Bagamoyo, the opposite port of the East African mainland, showing Mr. Stanley and his comrades and followers at that place, where they were hospitably received, on their arrival from the interior, by Major Wissman, the commander of the German station. In one of our present Illustrations, Mr. Stanley, with Captain Nelson and Mr. Jephson standing at his right hand, Surgeon T. H. Parko and Lieutenant Stairs at his left, is seen apparently with a guard of honour behind consisting of Masai warriors, the fiercest savage race of East Africa. These are none of Mr. Stanley's own people, but were assembled to perform a war-dance before Mr. Stanley and the British Consul-General, as part of the entertainment provided by their German hosts at Bagamoyo. We have already narrated the incidents of Mr. Stanley's visit on Jan. 1 and next day to Mombasa, the headquarters of the British East Africa Company, where he was the guest of Mr. George Mackenzie, the Resident Agent. Our Special Artist's sketch there shows the scene at the station of the Church Missionary Society, when the native school-children, directed by their English teachers, sang "God Save the Queen."

Mrs. Helen Allingham and Mr. Samuel J. Hodson have been elected members, and Mr. C. Napier Hemy an associate, of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

Professor Silvanus Thompson read a paper at the Society of Arts on Feb. 19 on Secondary and Technical Education in London. He urged that secondary schools should be co-ordinated on the one hand with the primary schools, and on the other with the colleges for higher education, all being under one general administrative department of the Government, with a responsible head.

Miss De Voy, a parachutist, had an exceedingly narrow escape at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, on Feb. 20. A parachute in which she ascended from the grounds descended into the lake, Miss De Voy under it. She was rescued as speedily as possible, but for some moments it was feared that she had lost her life. Happily, she recovered consciousness, and her friends soon conveyed her to the hotel, amid a scene of intense excitement.

The Commander-in-Chief has approved of all the principal proposals for the employment of the Metropolitan Volunteer Corps at the Easter Manœuvres, and intimation to that effect has been sent to the regular officers who will have command of the troops at the different muster-places selected. As finally arranged, three of the five Metropolitan Infantry Brigades will be mobilised—the South London at Dover, the West London at Portsmouth, and the Surrey at Eastbourne; and a fourth Brigade, composed entirely of the London Engineer Regiments, will be formed to march and manœuvre through Sussex to Brighton.

The Lord Mayor presided at the seventy-second anniversary dinner of the German Society of Benevolence, held on Feb. 20 at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen-street; subscriptions amounting to about £1600 being announced.—On the same day Mr. Bristowe, M.P., presided at the seventy-third festival of the London Orphan Asylum, at Watford, held in the Hôtel Métropole; the orphanage benefiting by the dinner to the extent of over £4000.—The thirty-fourth annual festival in aid of the Dramatic and Musical Sick Fund was held at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, on the 19th, under the presidency of Mr. H. J. Leslie, the subscriptions and donations amounting to nearly £400.

The Board of Trade officers on Feb. 20 completed the inspection of the Forth Bridge, which occupied their attention for three days. The results show that the promises made by Sir John Fowler and Mr. Baker, to Parliament and to the directors, as to the stability of the structure have been amply fulfilled. The operations were mainly confined to speed tests with two trains weighing 900 tons each. The speed attained was estimated to be about thirty miles an hour. The deflections were observed from the island of Inchgarvie, and were found to be exactly the same as those noted when the same trains were at rest on the bridge. This result shows the extreme stiffness of the structure and its freedom from oscillation and vibration.

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN MARCH.

(From the *Illustrated London Almanack*.)

The Moon will be near Saturn during the night common to the 4th and 5th. She rises on the 4th before sunset, and will be to the right of the planet throughout the night, the distance between them decreasing as the night advances. On the 4th the Moon will be due south at 10h 59m p.m., and Saturn 19 minutes later. She will be near Saturn during the night of the 5th, being situated to the left of the planet, the distance between them increasing as the night advances. Saturn will pass the Meridian on the 5th, at 11h 14m p.m., and the Moon 31 minutes later. She is near Mars on the morning of the 12th, being to his right, and on the morning of the 13th, being to the left of the planet. She is near Jupiter during the morning hours of the 17th, being to the left of the planet. She is near Mercury on the morning of the 19th. She rises on this morning at 6h 7m a.m., or at about the same time as the Sun. She is near Venus on the morning of the 21st, and she is near and to the right of Saturn on the 31st. The Moon passes the Meridian at 8h 45m p.m., and Saturn 31 minutes later; and the space between them decreases as the night advances. Her phases or times of change are—

Full Moon on the	6th at 48 minutes after	6h in the afternoon.
Last Quarter	" 11th "	5 " morning.
New Moon	" 20th "	1 " afternoon.
First Quarter	" 28th "	33 " morning.

She is most distant from the Earth on the morning of the 2nd, and nearest to it on the morning of the 18th, and most distant again on the evening of the 29th.

Mercury is a morning star, rising on the 2nd at 6h 1m a.m., or 45 minutes before the Sun; on the 7th at 5h 58m a.m., or 39 minutes before the Sun; on the 12th at 5h 56m a.m., or 27 minutes before the Sun; on the 17th at 5h 52m a.m., or 19 minutes before the Sun; on the 22nd at 5h 48m a.m., or 13 minutes before the Sun; and on the 27th at 9 minutes only before sunrise. He is in aphelion on the 5th, and near the Moon on the 19th.

Venus sets on the 3rd at 5h 54m p.m., or 13 minutes after the Sun; on the 13th at 6h 27m p.m., or 29 minutes after the Sun; and on the 23rd at 7h p.m., or 45 minutes after the Sun. She is near the Moon on the 21st.

Mars rises on the 4th at 6h 50m a.m., on the 11th at 6h 32m a.m., and on the 21st at 6h 11m a.m. He is near the Moon on the 12th.

Jupiter rises on the 1st at 5h 24m a.m., or 1h 24m before the Sun; on the 12th at 4h 46m a.m., or 1h 37m before the Sun; and on the 22nd at 4h 12m a.m., or 1h 49m before the Sun. He is near the Moon on the 17th.

Saturn rises in daylight, and sets on the 3rd at 6h 38m a.m., or 6 minutes before sunrise; on the 13th at 5h 58m a.m., or 23 minutes before sunrise; and on the 23rd at 5h 17m a.m., or 42 minutes before sunrise. He is near the Moon on the 5th.



Mr. Jephson. Captain Nelson. Mr. H. M. Stanley. Surgeon Parke. Lieut. Stairs.

MR. STANLEY AND HIS COMRADES: MASAI WARRIORS BEHIND.



THE LAST CAMPING GROUND ON THE AFRICAN MAINLAND.

MR. STANLEY'S EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION AT BAGAMOYO.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. CHURCHILL, VICE-CONSUL, ZANZIBAR.



THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.—MR. STANLEY AND HIS COMRADES AT MOMBASA: NATIVE SCHOOL-CHILDREN AT THE CHURCH MISSIONARY STATION, SINGING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JOSEPH BELL.

"A PAIR OF SPECTACLES," AT THE GARRICK.

We may well feel proud of English histrionic art when it can present us with so exquisitely fresh and finished an example of characterisation as that which Mr. John Hare fairly revelled in at the handsome new Garrick Theatre on Saturday night, Feb. 22. Master of the art that hides art, Mr. Hare has excelled himself in the part of Benjamin Goldfinch, the centre of interest in Mr. Sydney Grundy's last skilful adaptation from the French, "A Pair of Spectacles," which is the title given to the English version of "Les Petits Oiseaux," by MM. Labiche and Delacour. With his clear, incisive individuality, how different is the acting of such a true artist as Mr. Hare from that of Buskin! Everyone knows Buskin. Some people, indeed, still swear by Buskin. Has he not thriven for years by playing Buskin, *toujours* Buskin, in every part he has sustained? Of Buskin, it might well be said, "Clarkson his colliery may change as he will, the voice and the manner are Buskin's still." In fine, the whole study and realisation of a fresh character, so far as Buskin is concerned, may be summed up in a new wig or pair of whiskers. Far as the poles (or their poles) asunder, in short, is the art of Buskin and the rare art of Mr. Hare, who, in the whole gallery of his vivid creations, from his Lord Ptarmigan to the present year of grace, has delighted us with no assumption more pleasing than kindly disposed Benjamin Goldfinch.

A lovable old gentleman is Benjamin Goldfinch when he is first seen wearing his gold-rimmed pair of spectacles in his tastefully furnished morning-room at Hampstead. Happy in the possession of a charming young wife (his second) and a dutiful son, Benjamin Goldfinch rejoices in a sunshiny nature, which leads him to be unduly lenient, in the matter of rent, to his humble tenants, who take advantage of his good-nature and remain in a chronic state of arrears. Ever blithe and bland, he dismisses the prudential remonstrances of Mrs. Goldfinch with a genial smile. An intimate friend, one Lorimer (to whose fair daughter Lucy his son Percy is betrothed), being desperately embarrassed in business, the trusting Benjamin volunteers in a moment to lend him £15,000. There are, indeed, no bounds to his generosity, till his brusque and wealthy brother Gregory, a wealthy, prosaic Sheffield manufacturer, arrives on a visit.

Dexterously and ingeniously, if a *lectle* automatically, is it shown how the influence of a hard, harsh, overbearing nature like that of Gregory Goldfinch can change the soft spirit of a gentle creature like Benjamin. Tell him of some poor man who has moved brother Benjamin to help him, and he will evince his utter disbelief in the recipient's worthiness by exclaiming, "I *know* that man!" Let Benjamin Goldfinch confide to Uncle Gregory that it is his intention to offer friend Lorimer a loan till the latter's "ship comes home," and Uncle Gregory will sum up his incredulity in that phantom bark by roaring out, "I *know* that ship!" Implacable Gregory Goldfinch is similarly hard to his son Dick, whom he erroneously believes to be a barrister; and Uncle Gregory's persistent pessimism at last begins to bear fruit on Benjamin Goldfinch, when the rugged Yorkshireman wins a wager that a begging-letter writer is an impostor. His suspicions once aroused, the hitherto credulous Benjamin suspects his faithful old butler of tampering with the decanters, believes his old friend Lorimer is deceiving him, and withholds his projected loan, and, bitterest blow of all, is led by the ruthless Gregory to think that his pretty young wife is carrying on a flirtation with the young curate. It is a beautiful episode which first removes the mist from Benjamin Goldfinch's eyes. In the height of his anger and indignation at the supposed infidelity of his wife, he comes across a packet of love-letters in her desk, and hides them in his pocket, assuming that they are proofs of her guilt. When he produces them to confound her, and learns from her loving lips that they are simply the cherished billets-doux which he, her husband, had written to her in their courting days, he is overjoyed. An unfounded report of his ruin is spread opportunely to enable him to judge of the affectionate regard everybody entertains for him, including rough and bearish Uncle Gregory himself, who, upon hearing the rumour that misfortune has befallen his brother, offers, with true Yorkshire heartiness, to take him into partnership, so that he may have someone to look after him. Benjamin Goldfinch, who is really as solvent as ever, finds his unhappy moments have been occasioned by wearing his brother's glasses. His own familiar "Pair of Spectacles" in use once more, Benjamin Goldfinch is again the milk of human kindness, and, if anything, kinder than ever, for he has had practical proof that a true heart may beat in the roughest breast. The youthful love interest is confined to Lucy Lorimer and young Goldfinch, who pair off at the finish; but Benjamin and Gregory Goldfinch are the engrossing personages of Mr. Sydney Grundy's delightful adaptation, which should be a great attraction for months to come at the Garrick.

It would be impossible to overpraise Mr. Hare's perfect rendering of the light and shade of Benjamin Goldfinch's character—a complete foil to which is the blunt and matter-of-fact Uncle Gregory of Mr. Charles Groves, whose quaint speeches cause roars of laughter. With what winning ease an accomplished actress can acquit herself in a subordinate part is charmingly shown by Miss Kate Rorke, who has returned to the stage on which she made her mark in "The Profligate" to gracefully enact the slight though essential part of Mrs. Goldfinch. The other characters are well sustained, Miss Blanche Horlock being the Lucy and Mr. C. Dodsworth Mr. Lorimer; Mr. R. Cathcart the butler; Mr. Rudge Harding the son, and Mr. Sydney Brough the nephew, of Goldfinch; and Mr. F. H. Knight the shoemaker.

Visitors to the Garrick should be in time to see the gem of a first piece by Mr. Wynn Miller, "Dream Faces," which is acted as well in its way as "A Pair of Spectacles"; Miss Carlotta Addison and Mr. J. Forbes Robertson having exceptionally strong parts in Aunt Margaret and her old love; and Mr. S. Brough and Miss B. Horlock playing a pair of lovers prettily. Remarkably interesting is the unfolding of Aunt Margaret's troubles and loving-kindnesses in "Dream Faces."

In the course of the excavations at Shakspeare Cliff in connection with the Channel Tunnel a seam of coal of good bituminous character has been struck.

The Principal of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire has received a communication from the Drapers' Company offering to increase their donation to the scholarship fund of the college by £2000, thus making the total grant of the Company for scholarship purposes £3000. This is in addition to the grant for founding an engineering department.

The council of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, are making an appeal for £40,000 to erect new buildings for the medical department and a college library and examination hall. A liberal response has been made to the appeal. Messrs. Beckett and Co. have given £1500; Messrs. Tetley and Son, £1250; and Sir Andrew Fairbairn, Sir James Kitson, Mr. J. B. Jowitt, Messrs. S. Lawson and Sons, and Messrs. Joshua Wilson and Sons, £1000 each.

MUSIC.

The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall have received a fresh impulse from the arrival of Herr Joachim and his reappearance as leading and solo violinist, in which capacity he has been associated with these concerts for many years. At the afternoon performance of Feb. 22, Herr Joachim led Mozart's string quartet in C (No. 6); his associates having been (as at the previous evening concert) MM. Ries, Straus, and Piatti. On performances by such eminent artists it is now quite unnecessary to comment. Herr Joachim's solo display was in Tartini's "Il Trillo del Diavolo"—a specimen of the old school which has often been one of the most popular pieces in Herr Joachim's repertory. Miss Zimmermann, who was again the solo pianist, played two pieces by Schumann, and was associated with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti in Beethoven's great trio in B flat, Op. 97. Mrs. Henschel contributed vocal pieces with much refinement. The same string quartet party was engaged for the evening concert of the following Monday, when the programme was again of a more or less familiar character. Miss F. Davies was announced as the solo pianist, and Mr. N. Salmond as the vocalist. Herr Joachim will occupy the position of leading and solo violinist at these concerts until the close of their present season.

The Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concert of Feb. 22 included the first performance here of an overture, by Mr. E. German, to "Richard the Third," composed for the recent production of the play at the Globe Theatre. Some pianoforte music by the same composer has, at various times, been commended by us; and his overture is worthy of comparison with these in merit, being a very effective piece of orchestral writing. The concert included Madame Néruda's refined rendering of Spohr's "Dramatic" violin concerto, and vocal pieces were successfully sung by Miss L. Hill; other features of the programme not calling for specification.

The series of "London Symphony Concerts" established at St. James's Hall by Mr. Henschel closed on Feb. 20 with the sixth performance. The programme comprised no novelty, having consisted of music by Brahms, Mendelssohn, and Wagner that has often before been given and commented on. It will be sufficient to say that the orchestral performances, under Mr. Henschel's zealous and intelligent direction, were generally worthy of the works performed. From the good attendances at recent concerts, it would appear likely that the undertaking will meet with prolonged success. Three "Young People's Orchestral Concerts" will be given under Mr. Henschel's conductorship, at St. James's Hall, on April 16 and 30 and May 7; the programmes consisting of music of a high quality, and mostly of a light and pleasing character, suited to juvenile audiences.

The first performance of the year of the Bach Choir (at St. James's Hall) must be spoken of hereafter. The programme fully justified the title and the original purpose of the concerts, having been selected from the works of the grand old Leipzig master.

Musical performances of an important kind, in the suburbs, have been gradually increasing in number for some years past. Among the many proofs of this fact was the announcement by the Putney School of Music of an orchestral and vocal concert on Feb. 27.

The Stock Exchange Orchestral Society recently gave a concert at St. James's Hall, at which a new cantata, entitled "In the Forest," was produced. It is the composition of Mr. J. F. H. Read (president of the society), who has previously produced other works of the class. That now referred to is written for male voices and orchestra; and, without pretending to any elaborate depth of sentiment, is pleasing in its general style. The concert included some interesting, although not novel, features, and proved the claim of the society to rank high among our amateur musical institutions.

M. and Madame De Pachmann gave the first of their farewell recitals, previous to their departure for America, at St. James's Hall on Feb. 20, when each of these distinguished pianists performed solo pieces, besides being associated in music for two pianofortes. Their high artistic skill was admirably manifested separately, as also in their dual performances.

The Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society gave the second members' concert at St. James's Hall on Feb. 22, directed by Mr. N. Megone. The programme was of an interesting character.

The most recent of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts, at St. James's Hall, was an afternoon performance, with a programme of the usual popular character, contributed to by eminent artists.

Miss Winifred Parker gave a concert, at St. James's Hall, on Feb. 21, when she proved herself, in several instances, a vocalist possessed of a good voice and considerable musical intelligence. Several artists of eminence, and some of Mr. W. Carter's well-trained choristers, contributed to Miss Parker's programme.

Recently, at the theatre connected with the Royal Artillery Barracks at Woolwich, a new operetta, entitled "Love's Magic," was produced, the libretto by Major Jocelyn, the music by Mr. Zaverl. Although unpretending in style and structure, the piece and the music are pleasing, the composer having furnished some very melodious strains.

Besides the performances on Ash Wednesday previously mentioned, there was a sacred concert at the Crystal Palace, and other musical doings of a similar nature in other suburban localities.

The miscellaneous announcements during recent dates have included a concert given by Mrs. Henschel, at Kent House, Knightsbridge, "in aid of two needy families"; the second chamber-concert at Princes' Hall, by the pianist Miss Geisler-Schubert, and the vocalist Miss Fillunger; and a concert in the same room, in aid of the Armenian cause, supported by several eminent artists.

Special services have been arranged to be given at St. Anne's Church, Soho, on Friday evenings during Lent, when Bach's St. John Passion music will be performed, with accompaniment of full orchestra.

As an evidence of the mildness of the season it is mentioned that in the grounds of a mansion near Canterbury there are rhododendrons in bloom.

Two fatal accidents have occurred in the hunting-field. While following the Quorn Hounds at Great Dalby, Captain Barclay of Scraftoft Hall, Leicester, was thrown from his horse and killed. His horse took an ox-fence of considerable height, the turnpike-road being on the opposite side. The fence was successfully cleared, but the animal stumbled in alighting on the hard roadway, and Captain Barclay was thrown with great violence, his neck being broken.—An accident of the same kind happened to Major W. B. Morris, Adjutant of the Shropshire Yeomanry, while hunting with the North Cheshire Hounds, near Delamere Forest. No one saw the occurrence; but the Major was found lying in a ditch, lifeless, his neck having been broken by a fall from his horse.

AMERICA REVISITED

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

SHANTY TOWN.

On the west side of the city of New York, above Seventieth-street, you are face to face with a picturesque example of the vast difference between the Old World and the New. The outskirts of the English metropolis are full of ancient landmarks: the fringe of the great city is dotted with architectural reminiscences of a grand old civilisation. On the other hand, the suburbs of New York suggest the prairie, the forest, and the Indian. There are squatters still within touch of the palaces of Manhattan's merchants and millionaires. Anywhere, at a distance of two to five miles from the centre of New York, will be found such frontier-like incidents of No Man's Land as form the leading features of our current illustrations.

Shanty Town is a relic of New York's earliest days, and may be said to be more or less migratory, moving on with the approach of the city architect and the railway engineer. Not long ago Shanty Town had quite a rural surrounding: New York was practically a mile or two away. Within recent years, however, the Empire City has marched right into the heart of it, more or less in skirmishing order. It has been cut through, north and south, by great avenues of new buildings. East and west, it had been left severely alone until quite lately, so that here and there it maintains its individual identity, while parts of it crop up in the very midst of palatial residences. With the Irish characteristic of careless indifference to broken windows, damaged roofs, and dilapidated palings, Shanty Town has, nevertheless, many artistic attractions. The settlement is mixed up with rocks and hills, which provide quaint nooks and corners for ramshackle shanties, pigsties, cow-sheds, goat-pens, pigeon-cotes, and poultry-runs.

The goat is a very characteristic feature of the Shanty Town landscape. He may be said to have almost taken the place of the pig in this eminently Irish-American district of New York. Of an inquiring nature, the goat of this region takes a deep interest in the refuse of the city that somehow finds a place in various corners of Shanty Town; and possibly in the way of evolution has become accustomed to the peculiar food which seems to underlie some of the local dust-heaps. Anyhow, this lively animal is continually foraging among the débris of the past and present which mark the frontier between the city and No Man's Land. In summer time kindly Nature lays a generous hand upon Shanty Town, trailing green and floral creepers over its broken front, decorating frame-houses with leaf and flower, and planting "morning glories" among the cracks and ridges of untended footpaths.

The natives of Shanty Town, who have brought to America the chief characteristics of the Emerald Isle, are generally a civil-spoken and cheerful people, although occasionally violent scenes are enacted at the somewhat lawless taverns and saloons which belong to the district, notably at one popular resort known as Hell's Kitchen. It is more or less a reminiscence of this peculiar district in which Mr. Horace Porter, a well-known raconteur, indulges in a certain somewhat cynical illustration of the peculiar party and personal side of local American politics. An Irish squatter had deliberately taken over a piece of Shanty Town, annexing to himself an old dug-out foundation, and building thereon a tenement. During some years he had obtained considerable electoral influence in the adjacent or immediate ward, and in the course of time looked for recompense. The story is somewhat elaborately told in Irving's "Impressions of America," but the humour and point of it may be briefly related. Mr. Muldoon kept fowls, and devoted the kitchen and cellar of his house to the breeding of chickens. During a rainy season the lower part of his premises was inundated, and the water persisted in remaining. Muldoon, being an influential local politician, considered it the duty of the city or the State to pump out the invading rain and compensate him for the drowning of his stock. From one official to another Mr. Muldoon carried his grievance, always with the preface of his name and political services, until at last, coming to the final executive authority, the story comes to a characteristic conclusion.

"My name is Muldoon; I live in Tim Rafferty's Ward; I control forty votes there; I kape hens; my cellar is inundated, and I want it pumped out at the public expense. I've been to ivry official up to the mayor, and he's sent me to you for an appropriation, and, by St. Patrick! if you refuse it, divil a wan o' them votes will ye ever get. I'll cast them for a native American first!"

"I don't see how I can get you an appropriation, Mr. Muldoon."

"You don't? Well, then, the party may go to the devil, and Tammany Hall wid it! I'm agin the lot o' ye!"

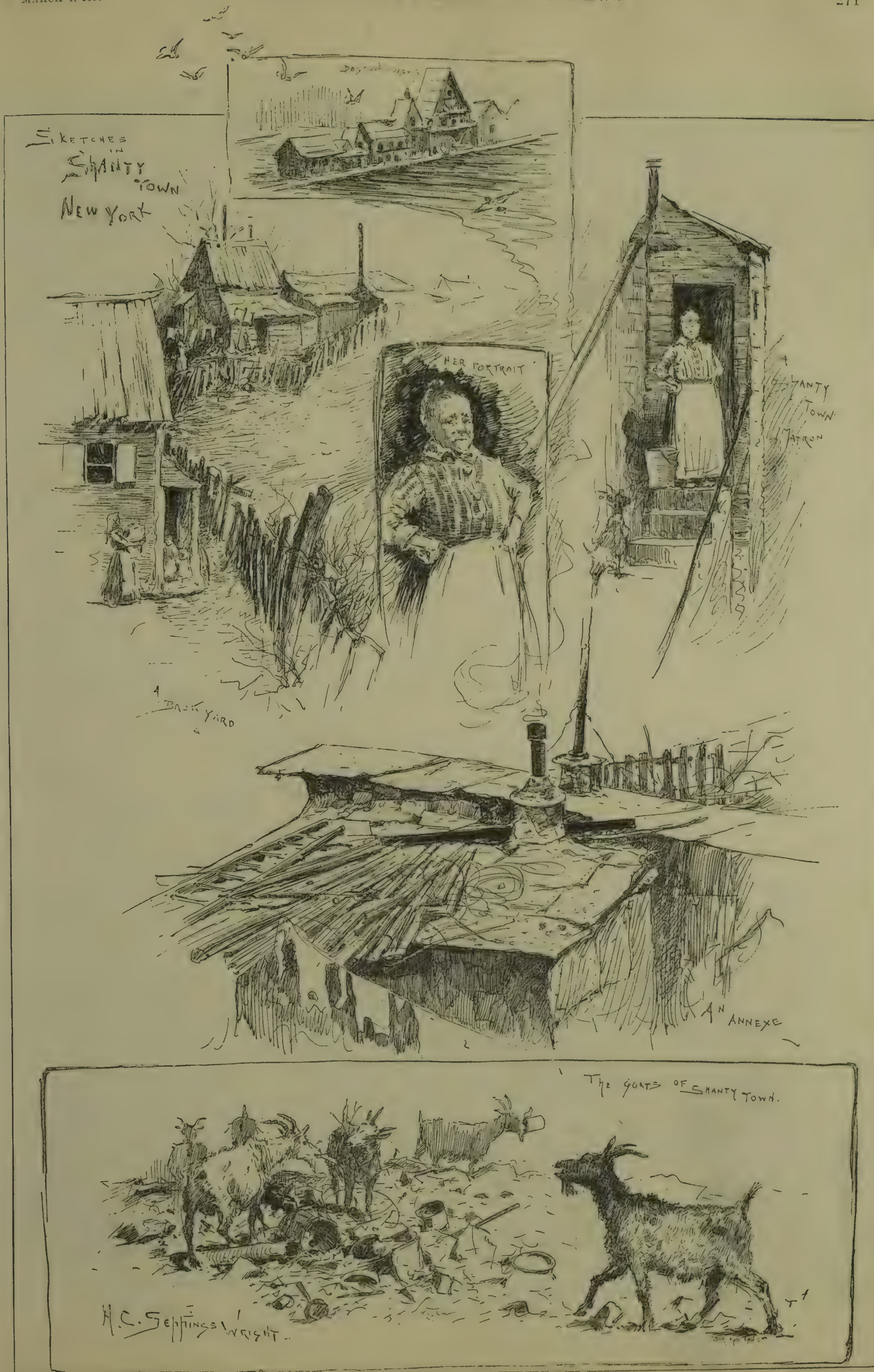
"Don't lose your temper, Mr. Muldoon. I'll see what can be done for you; but, in the meantime, will you allow me to suggest that it would be less dangerous for the party, considering the situation of your residence, if, in the future, *you* would arrange to keep ducks!"

JOSEPH HATTON.

Mr. Frederick Craigie Halkett, Provost-Marshal and Inspector of Police, has been appointed a member of the Legislative Council of the Bahama Islands.

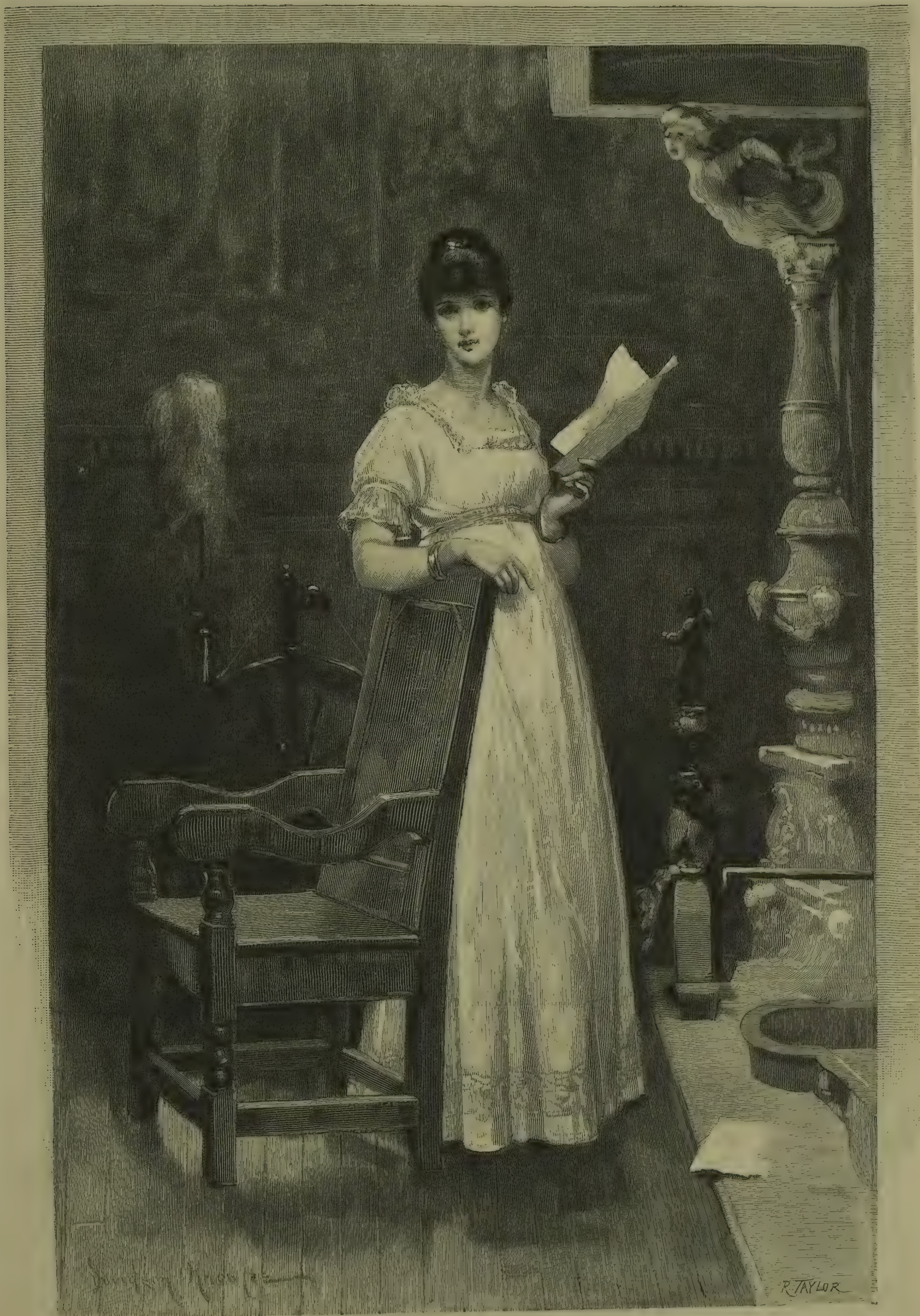
Cardinal Newman attained the age of ninety years on Feb. 21. Many telegrams and letters of congratulation were received by him at the Oratory, Birmingham. He is at present enjoying better health than he has experienced in years past.

Sir W. C. F. Robinson, Governor-elect of Western Australia, Sir F. Napier Broome (Governor), and the Hon. S. H. Parker. Delegates from Western Australia, were entertained at a banquet at St. George's Club, Hanover-square, on Feb. 21, when there was a large and influential gathering. Lord Bateman presided. The chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, "The Health of the Guests," said that Western Australia was the only province of that great continent which might be designated a Crown Colony. They had come to petition the Queen—with, he hoped, success—to grant them such a Constitution as the other Colonies of Western Australia possessed. If they succeeded in obtaining that, there was no doubt that the missing link of the Australian Federation would be forged. Sir William Robinson, in response, said he was pleased to believe that the great question of Federation had come to the front, and that there was before them great promise of success. The whole feeling of the Australian Colonies was in favour of union. He would be the last to advocate separation from the Mother Country, but he was satisfied that the stronger the bond of union among themselves the more likely they would be to become a strength at home and a support to the old country. Sir F. Napier Broome and the Hon. S. H. Parker also responded, the latter remarking that, although Federation might be delayed for years to come, it might be taken for granted that only very extraordinary circumstances would lead Australia for a moment to countenance any proposition to separate from the mother-country.





IN THE DESERT.
BY R. C. WOODVILLE.



NEWS FROM ABROAD.

BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

SIR CHARLES DILKE ON THE COLONIES.

Problems of Greater Britain. By the Right Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Bart. Two vols. (Macmillan and Co.)—This well-known English politician, and critic of foreign and military policy, who lately surveyed the armies of all Europe, reverts to the subject of a book that he wrote twenty-three years ago, his "Greater Britain," to which some additions were made in 1875; but on that subject, the position of all our Colonies and of the Indian Empire, the rapid changes of their condition belie every statement of former date. In these new volumes, full of the freshest opinions based on the most recent information of facts, Sir Charles Dilke no longer gives, as he formerly did, the first place and the largest part of his book to the United States of America. Ten pages only suffice him for a cordial recognition of the continued growth and prosperity of that great English Republic, which already exceeds, we believe, in the numbers of its people speaking one language, and in wealth, almost every State in Europe. The other colonial offspring of England, still retaining their political connection with the mother-country, do not really form an "Empire," in our judgment, because their military forces and revenues are not at the disposal of the Government of Great Britain. Sir Charles Dilke has apparently no faith, nor have we, in their acceptance of any scheme of "Imperial Federation" that would have that effect; but a League for common warlike action, in a case involving the interests of the Colonies, may yet be practicable. The internal politics of the Canadian Dominion, of the several Australian colonies, of New Zealand, and of the Cape Colony are most clearly described; and especially with regard to the actual working of intercolonial federation, or rather constitutional union, between the provinces of British North America; the prospect, now daily approaching nearer, of an Australian Dominion being erected on a similar basis; and the attitude of the Cape Colony, with its Dutch majority of white citizens, towards other communities in South Africa.

These are topics of the greatest interest, concerning all Englishmen infinitely more than the fate of Bulgaria or Crete, more than the whole Eastern question of Turkey and Egypt. Already the inhabitants of the self-governing colonies above mentioned are nearly ten millions of free Englishmen, more than the people of Ireland and Scotland put together, and are perhaps the most enterprising, certainly the most thriving, part of our nation. In the next generation they will collectively be as numerous, and doubtless as rich, as the United Kingdom was in the middle of Queen Victoria's reign. It is idle to speculate on the possibility of their forming hereafter one Great Power, which could be instrumental to a fantastic aim of British policy in thrusting back the Russian Empire, the French, Germans, and Americans, to monopolise all the available fields of commercial civilisation on the face of the globe. No such Power will ever be created, for the Colonies will never renounce their domestic liberties for the perpetual aggrandisement of an Imperial Ministry, and of a Parliament which is incapable of representing their interests. Let that dream be at once set aside. It is not the government or political, but the social, industrial, and commercial, union of Great Britain with the Colonies that we should ardently cherish; for many are the middle-class families in England whose sons and daughters and grandchildren, or whose brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, are dwelling beyond the western or the southern ocean: they will multiply and replenish the earth, they will enjoy peace and plenty, their homes will be dear to them, and we may be quite sure that they will choose to manage their own affairs, caring not at all for our old-world traditions. What is now most desirable is, that we in England should be taught to recognise the ability with which our Colonists are now exercising their right of self-government; and Sir Charles Dilke's book, which is chiefly an exposition of Colonial politics, is the most instructive account of those affairs that has yet appeared.

Canada, which occupies a hundred and fifty pages of the first volume, federally comprises Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, the isles of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, the vast and fertile North-Western Territories, and British Columbia with Vancouver Island, having a population now approaching 6,000,000, of whom 1,400,000 are French, but these among the most loyal subjects of the British Crown. Newfoundland is first treated in a separate chapter. Everybody ought, by this time, to know that the zone of the North American Continent, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, bound with a line of railroad constructed by Canadian enterprise and public spirit, is one of the best parts of the world for agricultural habitation, and endowed with mineral and other sources of wealth, and with facilities of inland navigation unsurpassed in the world; that its climate is most favourable to the vigorous health of our race, and there is room for a population equal to that of the United Kingdom to get a living there. Its political institutions, down to those of local government, are more popular in character than those of the United States, and are far better administered, by all accounts we have got. Sir Charles Dilke, without insisting much on this comparison, thinks the Canadian Constitution has attained the ideal of a Federal State with a strong Central Government, and shows that the overwhelming French Roman Catholic ascendancy in the Province of Quebec is nowise dangerous to the stability of the Dominion. Tithes for the support of the Roman Catholic Church, in that province, are levied only from persons of that religion; and the Council of Public Instruction is divided into two Committees, the Protestant Committee taking its due share of the funds to maintain separate undenominational schools. In the other provinces there is no Established Church. There is no desire for political annexation to the United States; but some wish for treaties of commercial intercourse with them. In the opinion of Sir Charles Dilke, the immensely long frontier between the western territories of these two nations demands a larger Canadian military force than yet exists for its defence.

The projected Australasian Federation—we expect that it will rather be Australian, for New Zealand will not join it—has gained preliminary assent in a Conference of colonial delegates since this book was printed. The author's statements and estimates of the political conditions of Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, and West Australia will assist us much in comprehending both the advantages and the temporary difficulties of such an arrangement. He devotes nearly three hundred pages to Australasia; but of New Zealand, though he greatly admires the noble scenery, the healthy climate, and the fertile soil of those islands, his political knowledge is less complete. Victoria, as the leader of "democratic and State-Socialist movements"—by which latter phrase he means only the principle of using direct Government agency for objects of social welfare—has been a field of legislative experiments which render its example interesting to England and other European nations. That entirely democratic community, with its great city of Melbourne, containing more than a third, and likely soon to contain half, of the population of the colony, does not seem afraid of being over-governed. A permanent Board of Commissioners, independent of the Ministry of the day, manages all the railways, which pay an average profit of 4½ per cent on the capital expended;

while the passenger fares and rates for goods traffic are much lower than ours, and the neighbourhood of Melbourne has wonderful accommodation. In no country does the State contribute so largely, per head, to the education of children with gratuitous secular schooling; but we believe that New Zealand may rank next in this respect. The system of Government subsidies in aid of local taxation is carried out so munificently, for the improvement of outlying rural districts, that the State will contribute £2 for every £1 raised by a local rate to make roads and bridges. The town municipalities are helped with Government loans to construct their street tramways. Great irrigation works, involving future expenditure of millions sterling, are undertaken by the advice of Mr. Deakin, the Colonial Secretary, promising to convert many hundred thousand acres of parched land, on the banks of the Murray, into farms and fruit orchards, by water storage and regulated supply. On the other hand, Victoria has not the least notion of demanding State ownership of the land, but has imposed some check on the further increase of large private estates, by a graduated progressive succession tax, and by a heavy land-tax on properties over a moderate value. There are laws for limiting the hours of labour, and for the early closing of shops. It is, however, by the protectionist fiscal policy of this Colony, for the encouragement of manufacturing industries, that the tendency of Australian democratic legislation is most strongly manifested.

The adoption of something like the Victorian tariff by New South Wales and the other provinces of Australia, with complete intercolonial free trade, seems to be a necessary condition of their Federal Union. Whatever England may think of admitting unrestricted foreign competition into the home market for manufactures, Colonial opinion is becoming more adverse to that principle; and, however we may dislike the exclusion of British products from our Colonies, there is no sentimental scruple about it on their side, when they find themselves able to manufacture the same goods for their own use. Those young, enterprising, and ambitious nations have no idea of being for ever confined to the production of wool, mutton, gold, and raw materials, and bound to purchase all the wares made in the factory or workshop from imports supplied by us; the Protectionist party is gaining strength in New South Wales, just now from indirect causes, explained by Sir Charles Dilke, and in South Australia has already won the victory, while "there does not appear to be a real free-trade party in Queensland." The Dominion of Australia, when it is fully constituted, will probably take a course, in this respect, as independent of concern for British manufacturing and mercantile interests as the Dominion of Canada; but neither is inclined to favour any other nation to the disadvantage of Great Britain. And it is possible that the development of colonial prosperity from internal unity may hereafter, in spite of a high tariff, render those communities as good or better customers to England as they could be in absolute commercial dependence. Moreover, the greatest benefit that we can derive from them is what they send to us—the supply of raw material for our industry, and food consumed by our people. British industries require Free Trade, while the colonial manufacturers think they want Protection. Our Free Traders would scarcely consent, for the sake of "Imperial Federation," to oblige the colonies with an Imperial Protectionist Tariff against all foreign nations.

Sir Charles Dilke's survey of the domestic politics of the several Australian colonies is bright and cheerful. Victoria and New South Wales, nearly equal in population, each having a round million, are very unequal in extent of territory; and the vast available lands of the latter colony, in the Riverina and farther north to Queensland, draw off many people and much capital from Victoria. The possession of coal also gives to New South Wales a manufacturing advantage; and it will probably go ahead of Victoria, where the gold-mines are now rather less productive than formerly, but Melbourne attracts British capital more readily than the other Australian cities. Before long, it is to be hoped, their rivalry, which has been slightly acrimonious, will be superseded by a judicious "modus vivendi"; and we shall hear no more of quarrels about the "stock tax," an impost on cattle brought from New South Wales to be fattened on Victorian farms; or the dispute about the water of the river Murray being used for Victorian irrigation. The problem of land legislation in New South Wales, so long contested with bitter class animosity, may soon be settled in a way favourable to the creation of freeholds suitable for agriculturists of moderate means, as in Victoria, for the Legislature at Sydney is thoroughly democratic. Farming land at a rent payable to the landlord is generally disliked in Australia; and it is regretted that such large estates in New South Wales have come under the ownership of the old pastoral aristocracy, called "squatters," who originally held them under Government lease for sheep-runs. The sketches of Australian Parliamentary life, and portraits of individual Ministers, ex-Ministers, and other party leaders, both at Melbourne and Sydney, are fairly drawn; and full justice is done to the abilities and integrity of colonial statesmen. We believe that they are quite as clever, and as free from corruption, as most of the parliamentary politicians in Europe; and that social order, and the legitimate interests of property, are quite as safe with them. Payment of the members of the Legislative Assembly, which existed in the neighbouring Colonies, was last year adopted in New South Wales. There are, at most, over a hundred representatives, each paid £200 a year. Sir Charles Dilke is informed that this system proves beneficial, introducing many "quiet, modest, sensible members, who read, think, and understand, and who are in earnest about the work that they are sent to do"; young business men, and some professional men, who could not afford, without payment, to attend the House. Wealthy local magnates, rich men who have retired from business, often do not make equally good members, and are quite as likely to promote jobs. Especially worthy of notice, within the last five years, is the establishment in Victoria of the Civil Service Commission, independent of the Ministry, for dispensing all appointments and promotions. "The Civil Service is now a credit to the Colony," and the average capacity, industry, and trustworthiness of its public servants cannot be exceeded. A movement for adopting this excellent system in South Australia is making progress. The management of railways there, and in New South Wales and Queensland, as well as in Victoria, is vested in a permanent Board of salaried Commissioners. New Zealand, in January 1889, passed a similar enactment, absolutely excluding the Government from all control, supervision, or inspection of the railways. No greater proof could be given of the determination of Colonial Legislatures to prevent the abuse of official patronage. This example is one of many instances that might be recommended to imitation in older countries. The South Australian plan of local self-government for the rural districts by elective Boards of five or seven members, the land transfer system, the county courts, and other good institutions originated in that Colony, have worked happily, and have been reproduced elsewhere. Of the system of State-provided education in Australia much has been said. Its liberality is wonderful; the children in Victoria are carried to school by the railway free of charge; and promising scholars are

admitted gratuitously to the higher colleges and universities, which are magnificently endowed. What more could any kingdom or empire do for its people?

If such be the political quality of the Australian Colonies, with ample revenues, and with State property, remunerative railways, telegraphs, irrigation works, and lands, sufficient to pay off all their public debts, we may consider that the Federal Dominion of Australia will start with the best prospects. It will be the Australian Nation, beginning with a population of three millions and a half, all descendants of our own people. There will be, as in the Canadian Dominion, a Governor-General, representing the Queen; but each Province will have its Lieutenant-Governor, appointed by the Dominion Government—that is to say, by a Ministry formed of the party having a majority in the Australian Parliament. It will be virtually a Commonwealth, protected from external enemies by Great Britain, and not obliged to take an active part, unless its own interests are threatened, in any foreign war; requiring no army but some Militia or Volunteers for self-defence, but fortifying its ports, open to the British Navy, and contributing a few sailors and officers, for naval training, to our squadron in the Southern Seas. We cannot believe that Australian patriotism—that virtue, like charity, must begin at home—will ever care to exchange this prospect for the perilous and onerous partnership in an "Imperial Federation." On the other hand, it would appear that Australia has nothing to gain, but much to lose, by severance from the British Crown. The Royal veto, or the suspensory power of the Governor, on Acts of the Colonial Legislatures, should be limited to attempted direct infringements of the prerogative of the Crown, and should certainly not be exercised in domestic matters, such as the amendment of laws of marriage and divorce. Our Government should also regard with due attention the interests of the Colonies in negotiating treaties of foreign commerce, and should give them ocean penny postage. Otherwise, for the most part, it will be advisable to let them alone.

These remarks apply chiefly to Australia, which is about to form a great Federal Dominion, but likewise to New Zealand, which is equally capable of managing its own affairs, and resolved to do so. The most influential portion of the colonists, at present, may still consist of elderly or middle-aged men who emigrated from Great Britain in their early manhood, and who cherish a warm affection for the old country. It is not likely that all their sons, born and educated at the Antipodes, will be so passionately affected by this sentiment, which must naturally be weakened in each generation. But a continued perception of the substantial advantages of external British protection, and of direct and secure intercourse with England, may prolong the connection through the next century, if all goes well with us; and this is our earnest hope. Sir Charles Dilke, though he does not express his own opinion of the future in the same terms, furnishes abundant evidence of colonial feeling which agrees with other testimonies in support of the judgment here pronounced. His chapter on the peculiar situation of the Cape Colony, which is complicated by Dutch sympathy with the two independent Republics in South Africa, and by the direct British Protectorate over millions of the native race, deserves a careful perusal. The military defence of our Indian frontier, and the organisation of the Indian Army, which hold a conspicuous space in his second volume, had already been discussed by him in the *Fortnightly Review*, after his personal inspection, accompanied by General Sir F. Roberts, to whom he dedicates this work. Another chapter is that descriptive of the Crown Colonies, especially with a view to the defences of our naval, military, and commercial stations, a topic of urgent importance. On all these subjects, we receive the statements and estimates of so diligent an inquirer with merited consideration. The acuteness of his observations, the clearness of his expositions, and the tempered vivacity of his literary style make this book agreeable not less than profitable reading. But, as the field is too vast and various to be described in one reviewing article, we have preferred to dwell on the statements bearing immediately upon the prospects of Australian Federation, which now seems to be close at hand.

A company has been formed in Massachusetts for constructing a railway through Palestine, connecting the principal towns, and extending through Galilee to Damascus.

The emigrant season opened at Liverpool on Feb. 19, when the landing stage presented a very animated appearance. The White Star steamer Teutonic sailed for New York with over a thousand passengers, mostly steerage, the greater proportion of the emigrants being Scandinavians.

Mr. Henry Irving, as President of the Wolverhampton Literary and Scientific Society, visited that town on Feb. 19, and gave an address on "Hamlet" to a large gathering in the Agricultural Hall. Mr. Irving, who was enthusiastically received, also gave a reading of Act III. of the play, and was afterwards entertained at a supper.

It appears by the "Newspaper Press Directory" that our newspapers now number: In London, 478; in the Provinces, 1290; Wales, 89; Scotland, 191; Ireland, 160; British Isles, 23: the total being 2234. The magazines in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 1752, of which more than 430 are of a decidedly religious character. Among these the Church of England has its special organs; and the Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, Baptists, Independents, Roman Catholics, and other Christian communities are fully represented in this branch of literature.

From the new issue of the full and accurate work "Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench," just published by Messrs. Dean and Son, we learn that, among the "changes since the General Election, 1886," eighty-four new members have been elected, twenty-seven have resigned, eight have vacated their seats (having accepted appointments), two have been unseated upon a scrutiny, thirty-three have died, nine have been raised to and eight have succeeded to peerages, ten have been promoted to baronetcies, nine have been sworn of the Privy Council, seven have received the honour of knighthood, four have been nominated Companions, and 114 bye-elections have been held, in addition to which three seats were vacant on Feb. 3.

Boxing-gloves being in as high favour with our golden youth as *Suede gants* are with the fair sex, anything appertaining to boxing is of interest. The "glass of fashion and the mould of form" in the boxing world may be seen at a glance in the vivid set of boxing photographs just issued by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, of 65, Cheapside, in three portfolios, each containing a dozen realistic representations of "the noble art of self-defence." These photographs were originally taken to illustrate Mr. G. R. Allanson Winn's capital shilling guide to "Boxing" in the "All England Series" of Athletic Handbooks, published by Bell and Co., of York-street, Covent-garden; but they are now sold separately by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, and the lifelike photographs of the correct positions and points in scientific boxing will doubtless command a wide circulation, glove-fighting being so much in vogue.



1. Turnpike Man.
2. City Toll-taker at Aldgate.
3. Touter at Doctors' Commons.

4. Buy-a-broom Girl.
5. Bell Postman.
6. Picker-up of horse-shoe nails in the street.

7. Dustman with bell.
8. Puppet-show, "Fantoccini."
9. Ward Beadle going to inspect weights and measures.

10. The Old Watchman.
11. The Dancing Bear.
12. Cart drawn by Dogs.

EXTINCT TYPES OF OLD LONDON LIFE.

The recent Jubilee celebration of Queen Victoria's reign has caused many old Londoners to bestir their personal reminiscences of quaint departed figures. It is not so long, we know, since the abolition of the turnpike-gates on the main thoroughfares of country traffic entering London—a reform which was partly due to the efforts of the late Mr. Herbert Ingram, M.P. for Boston, and of other zealous advocates of improvement. There was also the collection of City tolls at Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Moorgate, Aldersgate, and other ancient portals of the privileged Corporation, where twopence was paid for every cart not emblazoned with the City arms to

denote that its owner was a freeman of the City. The courtyard gate of Doctor's Commons, in St. Paul's-churchyard, was beset with official ticket-porters, often called "touters," offering their services as guides to the surrogates and proctors for any customer who wanted a marriage license, or who sought to consult the registers of wills, now kept at Somerset House. On stated days of the year, a procession of civic gentlemen appointed by one or another of the Livery Companies, and conducted by the Ward Beadle with his stately mace, was to be met going round to the shops and warehouses of trade for the inspection of weights and measures. In some parts of London,

before the Metropolitan Police was established, might still be found the genuine "Old Charley," the night watchman in his thick greatcoat with several capes, bearing his staff and lantern, who lingered in provincial towns within the remembrance of our childhood. The London twopenny postman, with his bell warning householders to open their doors and hand him their letters for the post, the German or Swiss girl selling little brooms of chipped soft wood, the perambulating dustman, the dancing bear, and the costermonger's cart drawn by dogs, were familiar objects in those bygone days; also "Punch and Judy," and the Italian puppet-show of similar contrivance.



TE-ANAU LAKE. NEW ZEALAND.



MEETING OF THE THREE RIVERS, BATHS OF CANQUENES, CHILE.



H.M.S. TRAFALGAR, STEEL ARMoured TWIN-SCREW TURRET-SHIP, 11,940 TONS, ARMED WITH FOUR 67-TON GUNS.

THE NEW ZEALAND LAKES: TE-ANAU.

The South Island (formerly called the Middle Island) of New Zealand contains some of the grandest mountain and lake scenery in the world. Although Mount Cook, the highest summit, is far below the altitude of Mont Blanc, the Tasman Glacier, eighteen miles long and two miles wide, is larger than any in Switzerland. The whole mountain region, partly in the Province of Canterbury but chiefly in Otago, comprises as great a variety of sublime views as the Alps in Europe; but the lakes have a peculiar merit of picturesque effect, as they do not, like the Swiss lakes in general, lie outside the chief mountain ranges, but are enclosed within them; only the Lake of Lucerne will bear comparison, in this respect, with the romantic windings of the Otago lakes around the base of lofty masses of rock, and close beneath the snowy peaks that guard the centre of the island.

Lakes Wakatipu and Te-Anau are the largest, the former being fifty-two miles long, with an ordinary breadth of two or three miles; the latter thirty-eight miles long and, in some places, six miles wide. They are of great depth, that of Wakatipu being from 1170 ft. to 1240 ft., with a nearly level bottom, and the water is clear blue. This lake, with bends and gulfs resembling the Lake of Lucerne, is directly overlooked by many high mountains on both sides, with the towns of Kingston, Queenstown, Kinloch, and Glenorchy at their feet. Mount Earnslaw, 9165 ft. high, blocks the head of the upper glen, beyond which rise the snow-covered Alps. Wakatipu is traversed by steam-boats and accessible by railway; it has often been described by tourists, and fine pictures, by colonial landscape painters, have been exhibited in London.

The Lake of the Mists, Te-Anau, and the still more beautiful Lake Manapouri, are in the Western Highlands of Otago. Our correspondent, Mr. Samuel H. Moreton, an artist residing at Invercargill, sends a view of Te-Anau, which is surrounded by the peaked ranges of the Kepler, Murchison, Stuart, Franklin, and Earl Shelmartine Mountains, from 5000 ft. to 7000 ft. in height. He writes as follows: "The Maori name, Te-Anau, is wonderfully appropriate, for the lake, from one point or other, is never free from mist. It lies north and south. On the eastern shore the approach is fairly level, and continues so for many miles. To the west the mountains rise almost sheer from the water's edge, and there are three fjords, which stretch still farther west, the scenery of which is very fine. Among these fjords and the separating ranges is the battle-ground of wind and mist. Standing on the eastern shore, one is enraptured by the ever-shifting forms of vapour—now dense and thick, hanging, covering, and hiding the mountains from view; but, in a few seconds, some rush of wind has riven the curtain, and scattered its torn fragments here and there, to be dissolved in filaments, revealing an unsuspected panorama of snow-capped peaks. A few moments later, where some grand mountain pile stood as a sentinel 'twixt two fjords, with its outline sharp against the sky, the mists have again collected, weaving together in the most wonderful forms, constructing a gauzy tissue of laces so delicate that it has the appearance of ground glass, above which some of the mountain peaks seem like glittering jewels; but, while we look and are carried away in the spirit of daydream, behold! the wind passeth over the scene, and all this vision is gone, to reform elsewhere and to cover some other place." The illustration represents that portion of the lake reached immediately from the wagon-road, and looks directly at the entrance of the south fjord. At the entrance of the fjord, and jutting from the mainland, are a succession of timbered islands, of exquisite beauty, sprinkled on a surface of liquid silver. It is a sight worth going any distance to see—one of many sights that can be seen in no other country on so grand a scale as in New Zealand.

CANQUENES, CHILE.

Residents at Santiago, the capital city of Chile, which was visited last year by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, are fond of resorting for health and repose to the Baths of Canquenes, within a short railway journey southward, where springs of medicinal waters have caused a fashionable spa to be erected. A gorge of the lower Andes, which is entered above this place by an easy carriage-drive, exhibits fine romantic scenery, three mountain streams here forming a junction, with grand views of the surrounding highlands. The bath and hotel buildings of Canquenes, situated on a rock over the rushing river, which is crossed by a picturesque suspension-bridge, were shown in an illustration that we published three months ago.

H.M.S. TRAFALGAR

The gunnery trials of this new and powerful ship of war, launched at Portsmouth in 1887, and now shortly to be commissioned for active service, took place on Feb. 22 outside the Warner lightship. The Trafalgar, designed by Messrs. Barnes and Morgan, of the Construction Department of the Admiralty, is a vessel of 11,940 tons displacement, 345 ft. long, 73 ft. broad, and drawing 27 ft. 6 in. of water, built of steel, having two screw-propellers, with engines of 12,000 indicated horse-power, and has cost £863,000 for hull and engines. Her side-armour plating is 16 in. to 20 in. thick, the breastwork armour 14 in. to 13 in., and her turrets 18 in. The turret-guns are four 67-ton breech-loading rifled, and she carries eight five-inch rifled guns, eighteen quick-firing guns, and four mortars, with six torpedo-tubes. The speed of this ship is 16.50 knots an hour; her bunkers carry 1200 tons of coal, and she can steam 6500 miles with that supply of fuel. The Trafalgar may be described as an enlarged and improved Dreadnought. She differs from the class of ships named after Admirals, not only in the increased depth and longitudinal area of her vertical armour, but in the fact that, as in the case of the Dreadnought, she carries her main armament of four 13½-in. 67-ton guns mounted in pairs in a couple of turrets built along the middle line of the ship, instead of in barbettes similarly disposed. The change in the mounting of the guns, with the results of experience, has made it possible to introduce various modifications and improvements in the hydraulic loading-gear; which is not only better placed in consequence of the less confined spaces in which it works, but is simpler and much easier to handle and control.

The Drapers' Company have contributed £1000 to the scholarship fund of South Wales and Monmouthshire University College, in addition to £1000 given in December.

Mr. Justice Field took a public farewell, on Feb. 21, of the Judges and the Bar. The incident occurred in the largest Court—that of the Lord Chief Justice—which was crowded. The Attorney-General expressed the good wishes of the Bar for the learned Judge in his retirement. Mr. Justice Field, in his reply, alluded to the deafness from which he had suffered, and said that, although it had occasioned inconvenience to those who had come before him, he had never decided a case until he was certain that he had heard all the evidence and all the arguments.

CHESS.

H N (Shanklin).—If, before writing to express doubts about a position, you took a little time to study it, you would save much trouble. In the case you mention, No. 2388, mate is given on the move by R to Q 3rd. No. 2391, we repeat, is quite correct. Both your other solutions are wrong.

A GODDARD (Cottenham).—Many clever solvers have been puzzled with No. 2392, so you fail in good company. A problem need only be solved in a given number of moves against the best possible play for the defence. If a useless move is made, it is no flaw in the problem that mate immediately follows. We are always ready to look at original problems.

W H H (Theydon Bois).—Variations are not essential to a problem, but, if good, increase its merit. There must be only one key-move, the other moves being adapted to the different lines of defence.

S PARRY (Frammere).—You have made a successful commencement, and ought to have no difficulty in realising your desires.

F G R (Shrewsbury).—The notation B to Kt means that Black Castles with the Q R. Q-Q means that both players Castle with the K R.

F W B (York Town, Surrey).—Under the circumstances it is not surprising that you overlooked the fact of the problem being a two-mover.

G M (Brussels).—No; there is nothing wrong. The shell is a little harder than usual. R B L (Standon).—No. 2393 cannot be solved by Q to B sq; and we cannot answer by post. Your correct solutions are acknowledged below.

O H B (Barkly, Cape of Good Hope).—All your solutions of problems in our Christmas issue are correct.

W M L E PATOUR (Oxford).—We are much obliged.

F G T (Bristol).—Marked for further consideration.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2385 received from Dr A R V Sastry (Mysore) and M L L. of No. 2386, from Alfred Tozer (Cleveland, U.S.A.); of No. 2389, from J W Shaw (Montreal), An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.), Rev John Wills (Burnstable, Mass.), and Alfred Tozer; of No. 2390, from Miss Nish and M L L. of No. 2391, from J J B (Hallingsbury), John G Grant, R B L (Standon), W H Hamblin, W Rigby, M Mullendorff (Luxemburg), and Alfred Pettipiece (Chipping Norton); of No. 2392, from H Beaumman (Berlin), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), A W Hamilton Gell, John G Grant, J H Paul, Herbert Chown, T Roberts, G Meursius (Brussels), E H H Bunting (Swaffham), Rev Winfield Cooper, W Scott McDonald, M Mullendorff, and John Dudley (Broadmoor).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2393 received from J J B (Hallingsbury), F J G Piffard, Trial, D McCoy (Galway), Dawn, W Rigley, J F Moon, Martin F. Rev Winfield Cooper, G E Perugini, J E Herbert (Ashford), A Newman, N Harris, W R Ratlien, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), E Casella (Paris), R H Brooks, J Dixon, H S B (Fairholme), B D Knox, A Smith, G J Veale, W H D Henvey, Lieut-Colonel Loraine, E J Winter Wood (Montone), Commander G T Wingfield, R Worters (Canterbury), F G Washington, Columbus, R G Stoneham, J de H Larpent, E Louden, T G Ware, W David, T H G (Lustwithiel), J C Ireland, A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), Thomas Chown, Julia Short (Exeter), John G Grant, M Miller, Company Sergeant-Major Mahoney, F G Rowland (Shrewsbury), L Desanges, Shadforth, Jupiter Junior, R K Leather (Ben Rhydding), G Meursius (Brussels), A Goddard, S Parry, F G Tucker (Bristol), Miss Nish, Fr Fernandez (Dublin), W R B, J V Hill, A J V Durell (Sandhurst), J H Paul, W Vincent, E O'Gorman (Dublin), V Peddie (Edinburgh), R F N Banks, E Phillips, F F (Brussels), O Porter, Howard, H Beaumman (Berlin), A C Hurley (Cardiff), W Scott McDonald, Dr F St, Hilda Player (Edgbaston), J H Bunting, Hereward, T Roberts, J Hall, R S Stewart, M D, M Mullendorff, and Dr Waltz (Heidelberg).

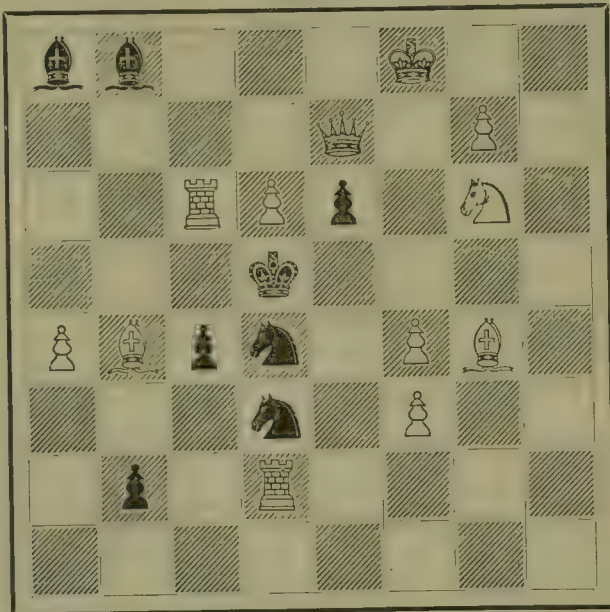
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2391.—By R. KELLY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 8th Any move
2. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2395.

By L. DESANGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the B.C.A. competition between Messrs. BIRD and WAINWRIGHT.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K B 4th P to Q 4th
2. P to K 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. Kt to K B 3rd P to K 3rd
4. P to Q Kt 3rd B to K 2nd
5. B to K 2nd P to Q R 3rd
6. B to K 2nd P to Q B 4th
7. Castles Kt to Q B 3rd
8. Q to K sq P to Q Kt 4th
Black is advancing these Pawns too fast. He could scarcely expect to carry the game with a rush against his wary antagonist.

9. P to Q R 4th P to Q Kt 5th
10. Kt to K 5th B to K 2nd
11. P to Q 3rd P to Q 5th
A move that goes a long way towards the loss of the game. The defensive value of the Pawns on the Queen's side is gone, while time is lost in making up the deficiency with pieces.

12. B to B 3rd
Taking immediate advantage of the weak position, and securing a manifest advantage in position.

13. P takes P R to Q B sq
14. Kt to Q 2nd P takes P
15. Q Kt to B 4th Kt to Q 4th
16. Q to Kt 3rd Castles

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. W.)
We doubt if this move is as good as it looks.
16. Kt takes Kt
This is surely weak. It not only opens the Bishop's file to the Rook, but allows the Q B to come into active play. A better line seems to be as follows: B to R 5th, P to R 3rd (if Q to Kt 4th, P to B 4th, and the Q is lost), Kt takes P, P to Q Kt 4th, and Black has won a P for the time, and has a defensible position.

17. P takes Kt B to B 4th
P to B 4th seems the best move here, again threatening to win the Q.

18. K to R sq R to B 2nd
19. B to B sq P to B 3rd
20. P takes P K to R sq

A blunder, of course.

21. P takes P R takes P
22. Q to K 5th Q to R 5th
23. B to Q 2nd K R to K Kt sq
24. P to K Kt 3rd Q to R 6th
25. R to B 2nd B to R 2nd
26. Kt to Q 6th R to K B sq
27. Kt takes B B to Kt sq
28. Kt to Q 6th R to B 4th
29. Kt to B 7th (ch) R takes Kt
30. Q takes B (ch), and wins.

CHESS IN DUBLIN.

Game played at the Clontarf Chess Club between Messrs. T. B. ROWLAND and J. QUIGLEY.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. R.) BLACK (Mr. Q.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. B to B 4th B to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th B takes P
5. P to B 3rd B to R 4th
6. Castles Kt to B 3rd
7. P to Q 4th Kt takes K P
8. Q to Q 3rd
Avoiding the book continuation, R to K sq.
9. B to Q Kt 5th P to Q 4th
10. B takes Kt Castles
11. Kt takes P P takes B
Q to Q 3rd
WHITE (Mr. R.) BLACK (Mr. Q.)
12. B to R 2nd P to Q B 4th
13. P to B 3rd B to R 3rd
14. P to Q E 4th P takes B P
15. Kt takes P B takes Kt
16. Q takes B Kt to K B 3rd
17. B takes P Kt to B 3rd
18. K R to Q B sq K R to K sq
19. Kt to B 3rd Kt to Q 2nd
20. Kt to Q 5th Kt takes B
21. Q takes Kt Q takes Q
22. R takes Q B to Kt 3rd
23. Kt takes P B takes Kt
24. R takes B K R to Q sq
25. R to Q sq Resigns.

The match between Messrs. Tschigorin and Gunsberg has terminated in an agreement to draw, each having won nine games. Under the circumstances we think this a proper ending, as a deciding encounter would settle no question of merit, while it would be hard on the loser to be heavily mulcted in a case where he was practically equal to the winner. With honours divided, the reward ought naturally to be divided also.

A short match is being played at Liverpool between Mr. Bird and Herr Lasker, in which the latter so far has proved successful.

The annual chess-match between Oxford and Cambridge has been fixed for March 27.

The North London Chess Club will play the University at Oxford on March 1.

Oxford University has arranged to play Birmingham at Oxford on March 8.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF FINE ARTS.

The sixty-fourth exhibition of paintings and sculpture at the galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh, is open to the public; and in the quality of the work displayed, if not, perhaps, in the quantity, it may be taken as generally equal to the average of recent years. At a first glance the visitor is struck by a prevalent atmosphere of nationality among the subjects. This is much more observable in Edinburgh than in the Glasgow exhibition opened a week or two ago, and the tendency extends to all departments of the art—scenery, portraits, cattle, and even flowers, the national thistle being represented upon the walls in more places than one. The characteristic, however, is by no means to be deprecated, the search after beauty being, like charity, most sensibly begun at home. Among the portraits there is noticeable, as is natural in Edinburgh, a large proportion of divines, professors, and military men. Of these, two representations by George Reid, R.S.A., at least strikingly challenge the eye—a portrait of Professor A. C. Fraser in gown of daring, if rather overpowering, red, and one of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Robert Menzies, Bart., in the gallant garb of the North. Other portraits there are as well, from the studios both of this artist and of others, probably as faithful if less pronounced. Among them two stand out as of more than mere personal or local interest—a representation of Mr. Rider Haggard by John Pettie, R.A., and one of Mr. Orchardson, the artist, by Thomas Graham, R.S.A. Religious subjects, it is significant to notice, are all but unrepresented. The two canvases, however, which enter this arena are worth regard. By a curious coincidence they both deal with the same motive—"The Prodigal Son." One, that by Harrington Mann, represents the awakening penitent amid the strong parching sunshine of a desolate hillside; the other, by John M. Swan, which will be remembered as appearing on the walls of Burlington House last year, and which is now the property of the Royal Academy, depicts its subject bowed among his grisly herd, on a low-toned canvas typical of the shadow upon his spirit.

Landscapes this year are, perhaps, less numerous than usual on the walls; but among those which appear are not a few to be remembered. A small "Eventide," by A. Roche, is full of delicate and lasting charm; while the larger "Landscape," by E. A. Walton, A.R.S.A., and "Musselburgh," by J. Michael Brown, are alike poetically effective and conspicuous by contrast in treatment of sky spaces and cloud. The breadth of sunny summer seas is brought to the walls by the "Ground Swell" of Joseph Henderson, and their strength, by the "Carnoustie Bay" of W. McTaggart, R.S.A.; with the "For Daily Bread" of Andrew Black and "When the Fisher sets Sail" by Wellwood Ratray. Of the dramas of humble life, which find such sympathetic exponents in the North, may be cited the "Jilted" of W. Marshall Brown, a cottage interior where a poor girl, overwhelmed with grief, throws herself forward upon the table in an agony of tears before mother and sister; "For the Crimea," the most natural of the many similar canvases by R. McGregor, R.S.A.—a village street where the lads are being tempted by a red coat, parade of military glory, and an offer of the Queen's shilling; and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," by J. Thorburn Ross—a large canvas upon which the commonplace subject of "good-bye" is treated in showy, questionable, and, for a Scotch motive, somewhat exotic style. A very effective picture, of similar class, is the "Lullaby" of J. H. Lorimer, A.R.S.A., a quiet and admirable painting, in which a brown-skinned ayah, in a wainscoted room, watches the slumbers of an infant, presumably the child of an Indian officer. It is difficult, at first sight, to say whether the light shining on the polished floor of the foreground is painted there or falls from the roof of the galleries.

Of the class of picture in which human character of the subtler sort is portrayed there are several admirable examples to be seen. Two by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., are conspicuous—"Her First Dance," a maiden of a century ago, in white, standing up before her friends on the beeswaxed floor, to walk a *pas à deux* with an evidently enamoured gallant; and a sufficiently striking and tragic canvas, "Mariage de Convenience—After," which may be taken as a sequel to a former picture by the same artist. Of somewhat the same general style is, perhaps, the most ambitious picture in the exhibition, "Voltaire, *incognito*," Listening to the Criticism of his Play of "Semiramis," by G. Ogilvie Reid, A.R.S.A. With its character-painting in the faces and its skilful execution of so many figures and details in the gay French costume of last century, the picture well repays the attention it attracts. "A Doubtful Missive," by the same artist, a canvas on a much smaller scale, possesses the same kind of merit, with the added advantage of greater perspicuity of action.

Moorish subjects continue to furnish attraction to several artists. There is a wild gallop of musket-swinging Arabs by G. Denholm Armour, the "Fantasia, or Feast of Powder, in Morocco," while white domes and doors of mosques and Moorish cities under blue Moorish skies from the brush of Pollok S. Nisbet are also to be seen. Venice, of course, has her votary. What exhibition would be complete without the glimpse of a gondola? Of the six Venetian canvases by P. W. Adam, A.R.S.A., "Evening near Venice," a long, still, grey picture, is perhaps most suggestive of the poetry which invests the Queen of the Adriatic. Among animal-painters represented, J. Denovan Adam, A.R.S.A., stands conspicuous with more than one canvas. In his "Going to the Winter Tryst," a herd of shaggy Highland cattle being driven down through the melting snows of a glassy mountain glen, the character and movement of the beasts have been perfectly reproduced, and the steam of their breath on the frozen air might almost be felt. There is an admirable, if less poetical, little "Cob," too, by D. G. Steel, A.R.S.A., and a pair of somewhat wild "Setters" by R. Alexander, R.S.A. A picture which attracts attention by its subject as well as its execution is the "Fool and his Folly" by Briton Riviere, R.A., in which a motley jester on a mountain road scurries to flight the war-steeds of half a dozen knights in mail. And distinguished as his work always is by the consummate touch of a master, despite the adverse criticism it has received, is the girl picture by Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., "The Last Rose of Summer."

In the water-colour room there is the usual percentage of subjects little suited for this medium. Strongly contrasting with these, however, are the "Weeds" of Edwin Alexander—a few exquisitely done withered thistles in a jar; the "Phyllis" by E. A. Walton, A.R.S.A., a delightful summer portrait of a young girl; and the altogether delightful "Pansies," fresh-pulled and velvet-petalled, of Constance Walton. There is a small figure-sketch in characteristic style—"The Drowned Fisherman," by Josef Israels, R.S.A.; and two powerful etchings by W. Hole, R.S.A.

Among the sculpture, the most conspicuous subject is Dr. Grigor of Nairn, by John Hutchison, R.S.A., an entirely realistic figure in bronze, with pilot jacket, overcoat, and wide-awake hat, as in life. The same sculptor also exhibits an admirable head of Dante in marble.

THE OLD HANDLOOM STOCKING-FRAME.

When the young clergyman or divinity student, William Lee, M.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was paying his addresses to a pretty young woman, and watched her knitting stockings, his ingenious mind, inspired by love, contrived a wooden working frame to save her toil, and this mechanical invention was so immediately successful that the Queen ordered a pair of silk stockings to be made by it for her Majesty's own wearing, and presented Mr. Lee to a rectory where he lived many years, notwithstanding the Queen's objection to married clergy. But she would not grant him a monopoly of the patent, and in the next century there arose many master-hosiery, in Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, and Hinckley, and subsequently in London, availing themselves of the hand stocking-frame, which employed thousands of people till about fifty years ago. It has now been superseded by the powerful and complicated machinery of the great factories, and these give work and wages to a much larger population. A very few old men who were trained to the use of the old stocking-frame are still living at Leicester; and we lately gave some illustrations of the supper at which they were kindly entertained upon the occasion of the historical commemoration of the origin of the local trade. Our present subject is the actual work, which has become an antiquarian curiosity. The famous Luddite riots, so notorious in their day, were provoked, we believe, not by the introduction of the new machines, but chiefly by the exorbitant rents which were exacted for the hire of the hand-frames owned by a small class of speculators who made a large profit of their construction, so that the factory system has proved most beneficial to the working classes.

FORTUNATUS'S WISHING-CAP.

The old story of Fortunatus and his wishing-cap carries a universal application: its moral is unaffected by time or locality. There is not one of us—no, not even a Positivist philosopher or a Calvinistic theologian—who would frown on such a gift if it happened to fall his way. To don that magic headgear—more powerful even than the winged cap of the Greek Hermes—which would realise your wish as soon as formed, oh, my friends, would you not consider that an easy and a most delightful thing to do? Do not shake your heads. I admire your incomparable virtues; I acknowledge your moral austerity, yet believe in so much of human infirmity clinging to you that you would sooner, like Caesar, put by a regal crown "with the back of your hand thus," or an episcopal mitre with the famous formula "Nolo episcopari," than decline the all-giving cap. You would never complain that it did not fit; and, indeed, it is one of the peculiarities of this marvellous head-covering that it can adapt itself to every head, round or square, wide or narrow; it would suit me as well as you, and *les autres* as well as you and me. There is much virtue in a cocked hat—whether worn by a field-marshal or a beadle; but it pales its ineffectual honours before the cap of Fortunatus. Of wishing-caps of a sort there is, I admit, no stint; every man carries his own supply, as the Jew of old wore three hats at a time: but these are mere shams—mere pretences; they can't convert your wishes into *realities*—not a bit of it! In the melancholy end they are "grated to dusky nothing"—and your wishes with them.

"O that I might have my request," cries Job, "and that God would grant me the thing that I long for!" It would be a sad misfortune for most of us, with our wild inconsequential ideas, if such a prayer as this were ever heard; but that it is incessantly in our hearts, if not upon our lips, is one of the weaknesses of human nature. The worst of it is that we seek the fulfilment of our wishes without any disposition to contribute towards it of our own action; and the more extravagant they are the more completely do we trust to their realisation outside of ourselves. Hence the anxiety for a Fortunatus's Cap. Conscious that they were alike unable and unwilling to compass the wishes they so readily conceived, men turned towards an external agency to relieve them in this dilemma—to wishing-caps, wishing-wells, and the like. An ancient Oriental story tells of a magic carpet, on which, if its possessor seated himself, his wish was immediately granted; but at each concession the carpet shrank in size (observe the fine stroke of satire here!), and so the poor man used up all his carpet in wishes that yielded him neither prosperity nor peace. One wish, indeed, often neutralised or contradicted another. The votaries at our wishing-wells do not seem to have fared much better. At a well near Cadbury, in Somersetshire, you had but to drink a thimbleful of the water—only a thimbleful, and anyone would be willing to drink a gallon!—to obtain the desire of your heart. There is, or was, a similar well on the green slope of Boniface Down, in the Isle of Wight—a well discovered, it is said, by a Bishop (our right reverend fathers have always had a knack of alighting upon good things), and therefore, I suppose, endowed with superior virtue—and the wish breathed inwardly by the stranger who for the first time drank of the water of this well was invariably brought to pass. If such were the case, it is surely a matter of astonishment—a problem harder to solve than the abstrusest of the *World's* double acrostics—that a single drop of water remains to be wished over. One would have expected to have seen a long procession of pilgrims, as motley a company as that which crosses the bridge in Addison's "Vision of Mirza"—wending their way towards those wishing-wells: politicians pining after comfortable berths and prodigal pensions—authors yearning for the safe delivery of their intellectual offspring—curates with eyes fixed upon good fat vicarages—soldiers thirsting after the plumed troop and the big wars—speculators hungering for a boom in copper, cotton, or nitrates—maidens longing for faithful swains—lovers sighing like furnaces for a smile from tender maidens—portionless daughters in quest of rich husbands—but the catalogue is as inexhaustible as the vanity of human wishes, which are so many and so urgent that there should be no lack of worshippers at a wishing-well! Can it be that the waters have been tried and found wanting? And so we must still wait for Fortunatus's Cap?

The complexion of a man's wishes varies, of course, according to his temperament. Alexander—poor fool!—sighed for more worlds to conquer, though he had not learned to conquer himself. There was a pretty extravagance in the wish of the poet that women had but "one rosy mouth," so that he might kiss them all, "from north to south," in a truly comprehensive embrace. This wish smacks of undue license, but is to be preferred, I think, to the sanguinary aspiration of the Roman Emperor that mankind had but one neck, so that he might have the pleasure of decapitating it at a single blow. These be wishes, however, which cannot be seriously considered. As for the more moderate aspirations of more moderate souls, we may glance, in passing, at Byron's bit of sentiment: "O that the desert were my dwelling-place, With one fair spirit for my minister!" He and the fair spirit would have wearied of each other in a fortnight! The wish is as unreal as Byronic sentiment generally. I observe that men who have been soured by adversity, by the failure of their ambitions, and the disappointment of their hopes, as well as men who have grown sick of the world's



WORK AT AN OLD HANDLOOM STOCKING-FRAME, LEICESTER.

idle play, are prone to wish for the supposed delights of solitude. Let them take warning from the example of Cowley, who, imitating Horace, expresses in his "Essay on Greatness" a modest desire for a little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast. Blessed beyond the generality of mortals, he obtained what he asked for, only to find it was all Dead Sea fruit, and to furnish Dr. Johnson with an opportunity of commending his failure to the "consideration of all that may hereafter pant for solitude." Yet I doubt not that if Fortunatus's Cap went the rounds a good many would still be found undeterred by Cowley's misadventure.

The wishes of great men would furnish an interesting subject of inquiry. Crashaw offered his in his mistress's behalf; but if he had had the cap he might have done worse than repeat them as his own! "Days that need borrow No part of their good morrow From a forespent night of sorrow," a "Life that dares send A challenge to its aid, And when it does come say 'Welcome, friend!'"—these are blessings any man might petition for. Dryden shows a happy modesty in asking only for "a country life" "unvexed with anxious cares and void of strife." The lofty genius of Milton breathes in the aspiration that he might create some masterpiece of poetry which the world would not willingly let die. Contrast it with the mean ideal of Swift: "I've often wished that I had clear For life three hundred pounds a year!" If not a few noble spirits concentrate the longing of their hearts upon Solitude, a larger number yearn after Rest. Worn and weary with the tumult of the battle-field and the noise of the chariot-wheels—strained to the utmost tether of their powers by the incessant and arduous struggle—they can conceive of no felicity so complete and desirable as that which the idea of Repose—of settled tranquillity, like that of the warrior who has returned from the wars and hung up his shield and sword for ever—seems to embody. "O that I could flee away and be at rest!" Such is the one great overmastering wish that lies deep down in many a soul. As Wordsworth expresses it, "to feed this mind of ours in a wise passiveness"; in that "secure and blessed mood" when, forbearing action, we see, with an eye made quiet by the deep power of joy, into "the life of things." It is painful to look through the biographies of some of the world's great workers and to observe how constantly they kept before their eyes the radiant vision of a time when they might cease from their labour, and lie down under the shade of fragrant boughs and by the side of sweet-sounding streams. There is Dr. Arnold, for instance, while at Rugby, anticipating, with wistful eagerness, a restful future on the banks of Grasmere; Warren Hastings, in the travail of building up an empire, dreaming of tranquil years amid the ancestral groves of Daylesford; and the busy brain of Bolingbroke, turning from the intrigues of St. James's to the "rural retreat" of Dawley, where "I propose," he says, "to finish my days in ease, without sloth." This, then, it is which men strive after: this is the secret goal of their activity, sacrifice, endurance; but may we not ask, with the moralist, Why do they plunge into such feverishness of effort—why attempt so much—why expend themselves upon objects which, if attained, do not satisfy, and upon trifles the futility of which they all the time acknowledge? Why

place themselves in a position in which rest becomes an impossibility?

This desire after rest would seem to be the leading wish of the human soul. As for our other wishes, it is probable that no worse fate could befall us than to get hold of Fortunatus's Cap! It would weigh on our heads more heavily than Luke's crown of iron, though we refuse to think so. Wishes, like curses, come home to roost, and, as Goethe says, "What we wish for in youth falls as a burden upon us 'in old age,' because we are then no longer able to relish or utilise it." Our tastes have altered; our views of things have changed. The wish of to-day is the vexation of to-morrow. With some insatiable imaginations the range of wishes is so wide that the wishing time, even if the cap were theirs, would pass away before they settled on what to wish for first! And most, if not all, of us would assuredly ask for things which would crumble into ashes in our hands. How can we purblind mortals, with clouds before and after, discern the course of the coming years, so as to frame and adapt our wishes prudently to their varying conditions? How can we be sure that what seems now so safe and wholesome may not be converted by circumstances into something deleterious, as the medicine which in some diseases is a specific, in others acts as a poison? After all, it seems that the best thing to do with Fortunatus's Cap, if it come our way, is to throw it over the nearest hedge. There is no knowing into what quagmires it might not otherwise enchain us, like that other cap, cycle of Liberty, which led unhappy France into such a welter of blood and misery. Like Puck, it might entice us "through bush, through brier, through flood, through fire." No; the prudent man will have none of it. He will take life as it is, with its "noughts and crosses," and add up his "sum" as well as he can with such contradictory figures. He will make no attempt to shuffle the cards; but as they fall to him so will he play them. There is too much "wishing" in the world, and too little "willing." But if, in any fretful moment, we should feel impelled, like the children, to wish for "something," we cannot do better, perhaps, than wish for the strength and sanity of mind embodied in the beautiful ideal of the old poet:—

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers.

If Fortunatus's Cap would help us to such a result as this, I think we might venture—just for once—to put it on.—W.H.D.A.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE OLD BOND-STREET GALLERIES.

The collection of water-colour drawings annually brought together by Messrs. Agnew (39, Old Bond-street) is as much a treat for the connoisseur as an opportunity for the collector. Messrs. Agnew limit themselves to no period and to no school, and in consequence they are able to offer for study specimens of English water-colour painting from its brilliant dawn until it reached the full zenith of its power in the days of De Wint, Turner, and David Cox. Of George Barret, who was one of the earliest Englishmen to show the capabilities of this branch of painting, there are several specimens in this collection, of which the most noteworthy is "A Wayside Inn" (118), in which the suffused light is almost unapproached. Of the four specimens of Turner's work, all of which show the effects of exposure, "The Bridge of Sighs" (279), which may possibly have been in the Novar collection, is the vignette which best preserves its original colour; but it does not rank for drawing or interest with either "The Amphitheatre at Verona" (234) or even the faded beauty of "St. Michael's Mount" (287), so familiar through its various reproductions. But it is to De Wint more than to any other painter that the present exhibition owes its distinction. Among the score or more of his works it is hard to give a decided preference, each having special touches or revealing peculiar qualities. Among the foremost, however, must be placed the view of "Newark Bridge" (35), with its simple yet imposing Norman Castle—a rare instance of De Wint's power in concentrating the interest of his work on a single incident. In some respects the "Timber Waggon" (47), with its landscape over the Solway Firth, will win the verdict of the majority, combining as it does so many of De Wint's best qualities; but even this work is very little superior to his "Nottinghamshire" (54) village, as seen under a heavy rain-charged cloud; or to a work in complete contrast, the bright sunlit "Harvest in the Midlands" (14). Copley Fielding is another who is well represented here by his "Weymouth Bay" (8), "Glen Lochie" (272), and others; S. Prout, by his "Nuremberg" (25) and "Ghent" (89), of which the beauties as here shown have been recently curtailed by modern improvements; David Cox, by his spirited "Crossing the Bridge" (91), "Lancaster Sands" (254), &c.; and Sir A. W. Calcott by his "Monte Aventino" (239), one of the most complete and attractive of his smaller works, full of the classical feeling he had imbibed from Richard Wilson. Among the more recent artists Mr. Fred Walker carries off the palm with three delightful and highly finished works, of which "Spring" (44) and "Autumn" (38) are the most important. These pictures were originally purchased at the Grahame sale for a very large but not exorbitant sum, considering their merits. Of the first-named, the subject is a girl and boy gathering primroses in a copse—where the catkins are almost the only symptom on the bushes of returning life. In the other, a girl is swinging herself lazily under a leafy apple-tree, while round her feet the rich grass and flowers of early autumn form a luxuriant foreground. Mr. Thorne Waite, Mr. G. Fripp, Mr. Fred Tayler also contribute interesting works, and among the younger men of the present day there are numerous Eastern sketches by Mr. C. Robertson, several Dutch and English ones by Mr. Wilfrid Ball, and two works by comparatively unknown men,

"The Shepherd's Daughter" (116), by Mr. Falkland Lucy, and "Outside the Walls of Paris" (158), by Mr. Arthur Bell—both of which well deserve the place accorded to them among the works of their most distinguished pioneers in the art.

THE GOUPIL GALLERY.

It is so seldom that the English public has the opportunity of fairly estimating the range of a foreign artist's powers that we should be especially grateful to Messrs. Boussoy, Valadon, and Co. for the trouble they have taken in bringing together (116, New Bond-street) nearly forty works which fairly illustrate one phase of Daubigny's art career. For thirty years, from 1847 to 1877, he was constantly before the public; but his best work belonged to the last ten years of his life, and it is with this period that the present exhibition is concerned. Although not actually of the "Barbizon school," he felt the influence of both Corot and Rousseau, and sided rather with the latter in his respect for truth and nature. Country life, as it existed around him, was always worth representing as it appeared to his own eyes; and he was content to hold a middle way between the ideal landscapes of Corot and the classical arrangements of Aligned, Bertin, and others. One of his earliest works in the present exhibition is his "Moonlight" (3), painted in 1865, representing the folding of a flock of sheep beneath a cold autumnal sky, across which the wind is driving heavy masses of white clouds. By a lucky chance, it is possible to compare this with one of his latest works, "The Return of the Flock" (38), in which the same subject is treated, but in a softer and more tender spirit. In neither is there the least attempt to soften the harshness of the shepherd's surroundings. The bare plain, the cold night, the rough cottage are represented as they would appear to the least imaginative eye, and our admiration is forced from us by the perfect truths of the scene. But it is in his day-dreams that Daubigny is most successful, and, although he does not attempt to throw a gauze veil over the face of nature, as Corot did, he was fully alive to the charms which atmosphere could lend to the simplest landscape. The greatest of these works is that known as "Les Bords de la Cure" (22), a small stream in the Morvan "forest," perhaps the most thoroughly picturesque district of Burgundy, where Daubigny loved to linger. "The Banks of the Oise" (35), "The Grey Morning on the Loire" (27), and "Afternoon on the Oise" (10) afford him opportunities of showing with what perfect mastery he could render the transparency of water as well as the prismatic effects of light. In his little study "The New Moon" (12), one of his earlier works, we recognise his love of form in the clear-cut hilltop against the horizon; and in the last of all his works, "Spring-time" (34), he comes back to his earliest style, when delicate finish delighted him, and he made it his pleasure to restore to popularity among artists the apple-tree, which had long been banished from French pictures because of its lanky branches and its harsh-coloured foliage. Daubigny seems to have thought it his "mission" to restore not only apple-trees but rooks and crows to favour; and, although the present exhibition gives few specimens of the latter, the former are to be found in every phase of their growth. Daubigny's seapieces are also well worthy of notice, for in them he shows his strength and even his violence, and of such "The Open Sea" (28), in very dirty weather, and "The Rocky Bay" (14) are good examples.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELLS.

"Royal Berkshire" is almost as accessible to Londoners as the "Home County" of Surrey, of which Mr. Rickatson's impressions were recently on view at these galleries (160, New Bond-street). With spring and summer before us, we therefore hail with gratitude the hints of pleasant excursions which are afforded by the sketches in oils and water-colours now on exhibition here. Three artists of varied power—Mr. Yeend King, Mr. John Bromley, and Mr. J. M. Macintosh—have brought together the results of their recent stay in a little-frequented but easily accessible district, and their sympathy for the natural features of the Berkshire down and river scenery gives a harmony to their collected work. Mr. Macintosh, whose headquarters seem to have been at Woolhampton, devotes himself chiefly to that district which lies along the course of the Kennet Canal, and is most attractive in the neighbourhood of Midgham, Thatcham, and Brimpton. Of the many points of interest reproduced by the artist, the best rendered are the stream bordered by its bright green and richly flowering trees at Thatcham (24), the cloudy sky of a cold spring day at Woolhampton (30), the homely scene at Bank's Farm, Thatcham (22), the soft warm afternoon at Woolhampton Look (48), and the views of Crookham (38), Bucklebury Common, and Aldermaston. Mr. Yeend King, who does not, like his friends, confine himself to water-colours, takes an adjoining district, of which Bucklebury (69), the picturesque town of Newbury (68 and 79), and Aldermaston (78) are the most attractive features. But he also rambles far afield, through Hampstead Marshall (101), Ilsley (84), and Wantage (94), to Farringdon (89), picking up pleasant recollections of bright fields and quaint villages, and even deserted towns. As works of art the most successful of his pictures are "The Fishponds at Bucklebury" (53), in which the rich colours of Mr. Yeend King's palette do not seem out of place; a posting-house on the old Bath Road (52), possibly that at the foot of Speen Hill, which was regarded as the halfway house between London and Bath in older days. In the large painting of "The Mill Stream" (57) the trunks of the large poplar-trees are painted with great truthfulness and care; and in "The Year's Youth" (62) we have a scene of bright greenness, to which Mr. Yeend King shows, perhaps, too persistent devotion. As a counterpoise, the snow-covered market of Ilsley (84) recalls the lines—

Ilsley, remote amidst the Berkshire downs,
Claims these distinctions o'er her sister towns—
Far-famed for sheep and wool, though not for spinners,
For sportsmen, doctors, publicans, and sinners.

In some respects the work of the third member of this trio, Mr. John Bromley, is more attractive than that of the other two, although it is far less finished. It has an impression of solidity as well as of freshness, and one rather regrets that he should have contented himself with the more hackneyed and civilised spots in the country instead of taking up with its wilder beauties. Of the latter we have, it is true, the "Dragon Hill" (114) as seen from Uppington, and the next neighbour to the White Horse Hill; but Mr. Bromley's work generally lies along the course of the Thames, and he finds his pleasure in depicting such well-known spots as "Bisham Abbey" (118), "Twyford" (109), "Pangbourne" (129), and "Streatley Hill" (121), shrouded in morning mist, this last-named being quite the most effective of all his contributions.

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DIVIDED DUTIES.

From the Picture by Lillian Young, in the possession of the Proprietors of Brooke's Soap.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Is it advisable to have the wearing of full evening dress compulsory at theatres? This is a question which is being warmly discussed in a New York paper, and which is very interesting to us here. England is, I believe, the only country where full dress is required at such a public place, not only by fashion, but by the managers, as a condition of admission to the better parts of the house. In America, women appear to go to the theatre in ordinary walking-costume. In Paris, they have natty little bonnets and dressy demi-toilette high bodices on purpose for theatre wear. There is obviously much to be said in favour of this course. The requirement by the management of uncovered heads, and by custom of uncovered arms and neck also, in the best seats of the theatre, has practically prevented the attendance at plays of ladies who live in the suburbs. Occasionally they may hire a carriage and drive in, dressed as for a party, to take their seats in the stalls of some selected house; but theatre-going becomes a very expensive evening's amusement, when the guinea for the carriage is added to the price of the stalls.

Hence, matinées have grown into favour. But they are somewhat uncomfortable performances. One has a feeling of dissipation, and of not knowing what to do with the rest of the day, after coming away from an afternoon theatrical performance. Then the gentlemen of the household can rarely accompany their mothers and wives, their sisters and cousins and aunts, to the theatre in the middle of the day. So, really, there would be many persons who would have reason to be thoroughly glad if some popular manager would abolish full dress in stalls and circle, both for men and women, so that the ladies could come in by train or omnibus from the suburbs, and meet their husbands or brothers, and go to the play without any more elaborate dressing than they would need for walking.

But in America, where, as should be the case in a democracy, the people who do not keep carriages or live in fashionable localities are catered for (the prices of the best seats being lower there, and bonnets allowed in them as well), there is some objection being raised to the continuance of that state of affairs. Mrs. Frank Leslie, who is as well known in English as in American society, gives her influential support to what is known in New York as "the English system" of full dress. The argument that Mrs. Leslie uses is that there is a society feeling, a little sense of respect for your

companions as well as of general festivity, induced by putting on evening dress, which more than pays for the trouble and all the drawbacks. I have heard the same argument used about dressing for the family dinner—an exertion to which many elderly business men grow very averse; and there is certainly great truth in it. The trouble is repaid by the self-conscious effect.

Unquestionably the appearance of the playhouse is much finer when full evening dress is generally worn. Its full effect is obtained in those theatres, such as Covent-Garden in the opera season, or the Haymarket, or the Garrick, where there is a complete *coup d'œil* of people in evening dress from the stalls to the dress circle, the pit being non-existent or out of sight. The brightness and decorative effect of the row after row of men and women in evening dress, and the jewels and flowers and fans that shine and gleam and flutter round the ladies, undoubtedly add to the interest of the amusement. So there is something to be said on both sides; and, as long as managers can get people to add to the effect of the evening's entertainment by their dress, the fashion is not likely to die out if they can help it. But would it not be worth while for them to try the experiment somewhere of having, say, one evening a week when ladies with bonnets on might go in the stalls? This would be the best way of really ascertaining how far the ladies who now patronise matinées, and the yet larger number who never go to the theatre at all because of the difficulty of travelling in full dress, would appreciate the concession of evening dress being optional.

For a handsome trousseau lately completed—the gowns in which are, of course, intended for wear during the coming few months—there has been made a dress of pale-brown bengaline, without folds across the front of the skirt, but deeply embroidered round the bottom in shaded brown and gold silks; the plainness continued over the hips, but at the left side hung down a broad sash of brown moiré, trimmed along either edge with passementerie of brown and gold beads; the same sash passed round the front of the waist as far as the under-arm seams, and in the centre it was completely encrusted with the passementerie. This sash held in place a folded vest of bengaline, embroidered at intervals to match the bottom of the skirt. A Zouave of brown moiré, and full sleeves of the two materials cleverly mixed, completed the bodice. Another dress in the same trousseau was a blue-and-green plaid with full sleeves of green velvet, the bottom of the skirt and the cuffs and collar having a few rows of very narrow gold braid,

the only relief to the severe simplicity of the make. Yet another gown was of café-au-lait-coloured smooth cloth, the bodice made without any perceptible "darts," the fulness of it being drawn in folds to the waist, and confined under a belt, or rather edging, of black silk guipure lace in vandykes. Ornaments of the same vandyked guipure decorated the collar and the sleeves from shoulder to wrist, and formed an edging to the skirt.

At a recent dress-reform meeting, allusion was made to an experiment tried on a guinea-pig, which suffered severely in health from being excessively tight-laced. The inference drawn was that stays are injurious. But surely that does not necessarily follow. Everybody admits now that pulling in the waist is a dangerous practice; but that is not the same thing as wearing a moderately stiff and only just firmly drawn support. Further, a woman and a guinea-pig present some anatomical differences. It is idle to argue from one to the other. But how little capable are many of the people who delight in making such cruel experiments as this on the guinea-pig of drawing any useful or logical inferences from their own performances has been curiously illustrated in this matter. Somebody having objected to the treatment accorded to the poor beast in question, "the author of the experiment" writes to say that he acted in the "experiment" under the shield of a permit to do vivisection from the Home Secretary. Without this, he adds, it would have been illegal, "the illegality consisting in the scientific purpose of the experiment performed upon the guinea-pig. The tight-lacing of women, unlike that of the guinea-pig in this case, is for a purpose other than scientific, and they are accordingly not protected by law."

Here is a nice sample of logic! This "experimental physiologist" can see no difference between his forcibly squeezing a guinea-pig to death—and girls, in their own silly view of their own attractive interests, more mildly ill-treating their own vital organs. If "the author of the experiment" should catch a girl, and treat her as he treated the guinea-pig without her leave, for "a scientific purpose," he would undoubtedly discover that "women are protected by the law," at least as much as guinea-pigs. How unfortunate it is that the Home Secretary cannot find out, before issuing certificates to such persons, whether the logical faculties of the would-be vivisectioner are equal to at least the possibility of drawing moderately sound inferences from such facts as he may observe more or less accurately during his "experiments" on live animals!

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A WOMAN

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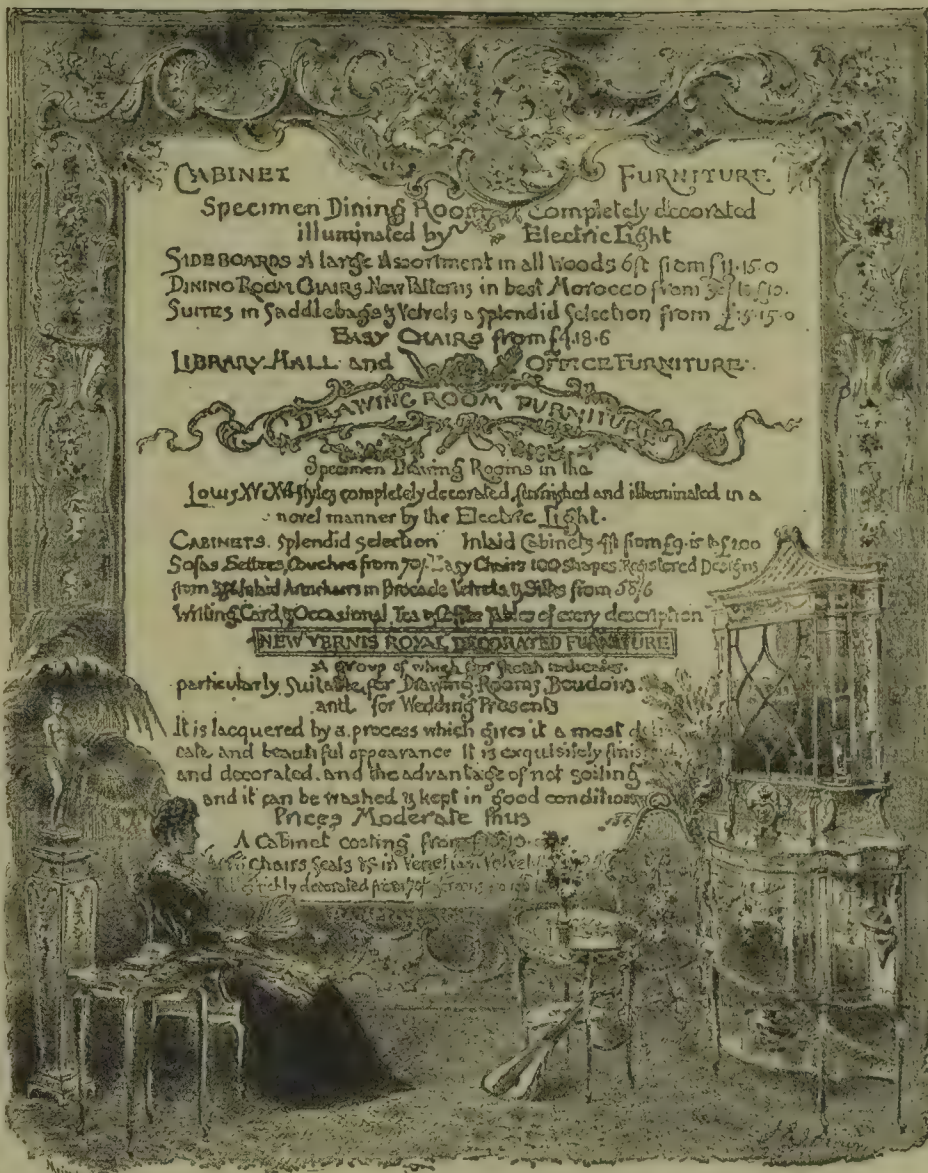
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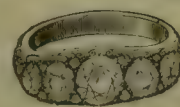
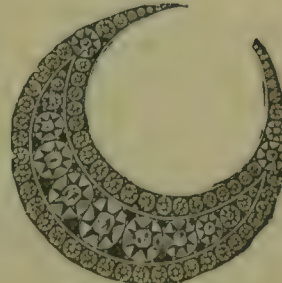
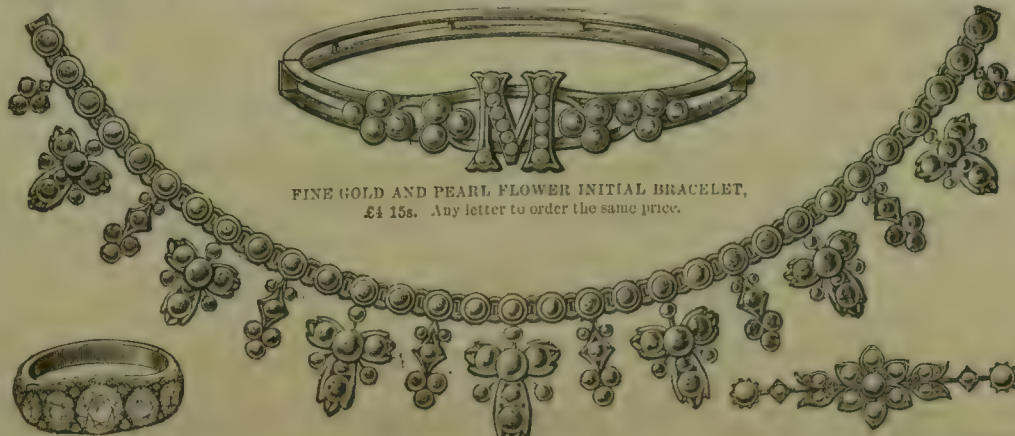
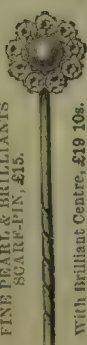
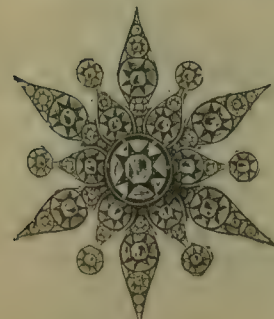
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 20, 1889) of the Right Hon. John Gellibrand, Baron Addington, late of Addington Manor, Bucks, and of Prince's-gate, who died on Aug. 28, 1889, has been proved by his two sons the Right Hon. Egerton, Baron Addington, and the Hon. Evelyn Hubbard, two of the executors, the gross personalty in England being sworn to be about £112,000. The testator entails his estates at Great Horwood, at Stratford, his Addington estates, and his Adstock Fields estate on his son the present Lord Addington, but the Dowager Lady Addington is to have the Addington mansion house and grounds for her life. The testator entails his Claydon Hill and Kingsbridge estates on his son the Hon. Cecil Hubbard. He gives his house at Prince's-gate to his daughter the Hon. Alice Eliza Hubbard. After various pecuniary legacies to his sons and daughters, the testator gives the residue of his property to his daughter the Hon. Alice Eliza Hubbard, and his sons, the present Lord Addington and the Hon. Cecil Hubbard, the Hon. Arthur Hubbard, and the Hon. Evelyn Hubbard, in equal shares. The testator's personal estate in Russia, and his Russian mill shares, which were dealt with by settlement in 1871, are not included in the English probate. It is understood that the late Lord Addington made ample provision for his children during his lifetime.

The will (dated Feb. 12, 1885) of Sir Claudius Stephen Paul Hunter, Bart., D.L., J.P., late of Mortimer Hill, Mortimer, Berks, who died on Jan. 7, was proved on Feb. 12 by Sir Charles Roderick Hunter, Bart., the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £56,000. The testator bequeaths £500, and the plate, jewels, furniture, and pictures which originally belonged to her, to his wife, Dame

Constance Hunter; £5000 to his daughter, Constance Janet; and legacies to late and present servants. The residue of his estate and effects, real and personal, he gives to his said son.

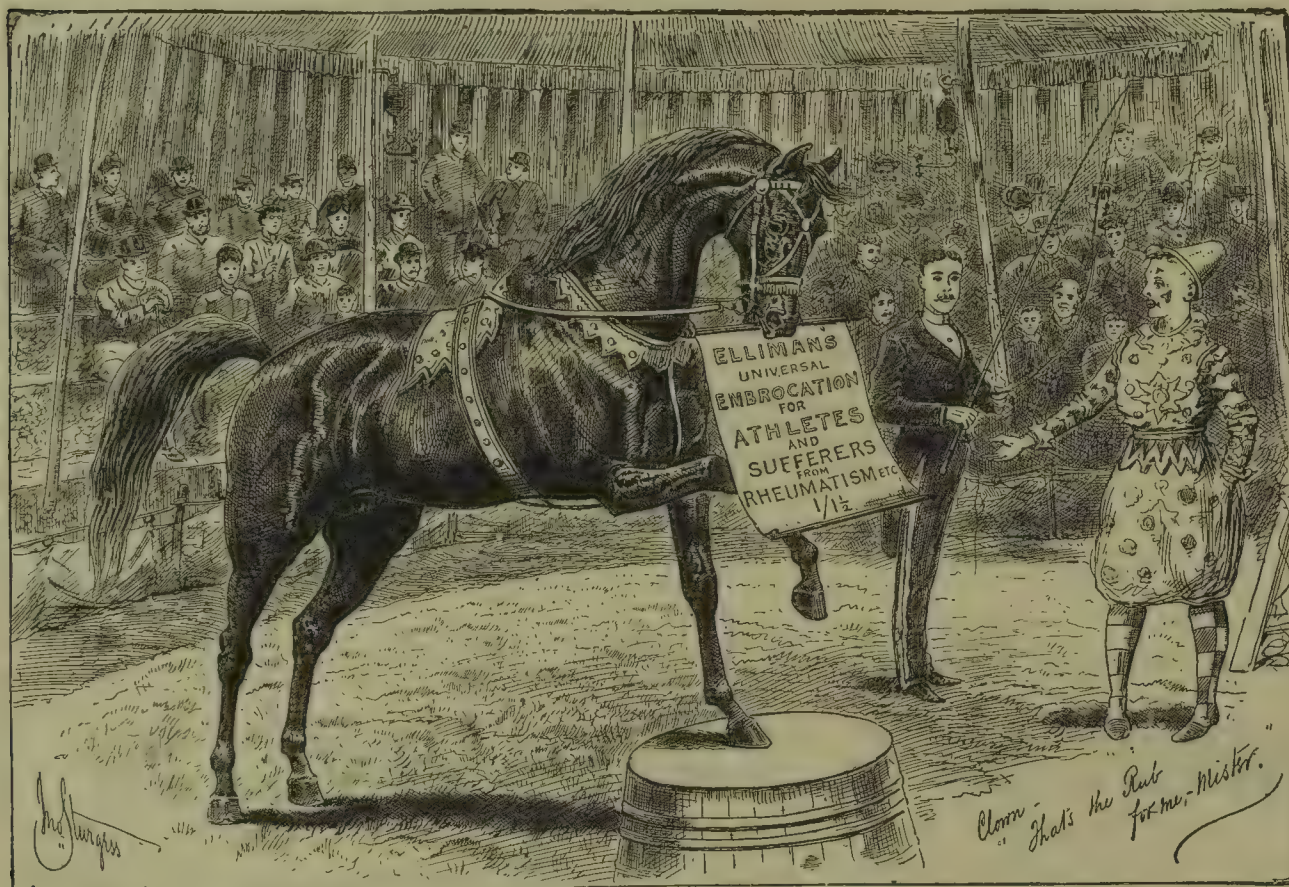
The will (dated Aug. 11, 1879), with three codicils (dated Oct. 4, 1881; July 19, 1886; and May 3, 1888), of Anne, Lady Rathdonnell, late of Drumcar, county Louth, and 80, Chester-square, who died on Dec. 22 last, was proved on Feb. 5 by the Rev. George Mead and Clement George Lefroy, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £45,000. The testatrix gives legacies to nephews, nieces, godchildren, and others; and as to the remainder of her property leaves two sixths to the children of her late brother Henry Maxwell Lefroy; one sixth, upon trust, for her sister Mrs. Sophia Hawkins, for life, and then for her brothers and sisters; one sixth to the children of her sister Mrs. Frances Phoebe Rickards; and two sixths to her brothers the Rev. Anthony Cotteril Lefroy and Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Lefroy and her sister Mrs. Seymour, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 7, 1887) of Mrs. Louisa Dupre, late of 9, York-gate, Regent's Park, who died on Dec. 11 last, was proved on Feb. 12 by Arthur Riversdale Grenfell, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £57,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 to Julia Dupre; £4000 to Louisa K. Manser; £2000 each to Louisa Hillyer and Mary Grenfell; and £300 each to Emily Cromie, Caroline S. Thornton, and Arthur Grenfell. As to the remainder of her stocks and funds, she leaves one half to her sister Julia Dupre, and one half to her sister Caroline Thornton, for life, and then to her daughter. She appoints her sister Julia Dupre residuary legatee.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1888) of Mr. William Doria, formerly Secretary to the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, afterwards of The Castle, Hartlebury, Worcestershire, and late of Nice, who died on Oct. 24 last, was proved on Feb. 8 by Thomas Brooks Bumpsted and Richard Donald Bain, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £36,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to each of his executors; £100 to his brother, Richard Andrew Doria; £500 to his sister, Mrs. Philpot, the wife of the Bishop of Worcester; his furniture and household effects in England to be divided between his two children; his furniture and household effects in Italy, or elsewhere out of Great Britain, to his sister Margaret Bumpsted; and £10,000 to his son, Francesco Andrea Doria. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves equally between his three sisters, Elizabeth Bain, Harriet Haviland, and Margaret Bumpsted.

The will (dated June 19, 1887) of the Rev. Folliot Baugh, formerly Rector of Chelsfield, Kent, and late of 111, Sloane-street, and of the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park-corner, who died on Dec. 7 last, was proved on Feb. 13 by Herbert Fuller Waring and Edward Loxley Waring, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £26,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to each of his executors; £5000 to his sister, Mrs. Julia Gordon; and £5000 each to his wife's sisters Henrietta Sophia Waring and Ada Cecilia Waring. The residue of his property is to be divided equally between his wife's sisters, Agnes Maria Waring, Mary Georgiana Waring, and Catherine Maud Waring.

The will (dated Oct. 19, 1876) of Mr. Samuel Storer Stott, late of Flaxmoss House, Helmshore, Lancashire, ironfounder, who died on Dec. 5 last, was proved on Feb. 12 by George



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LE NOUVEAU SEIGNEUR.—March 1.—Mdlle. Paulin; M. Soulaireux. LES NOCES DE JEANNETTE.—March 4.—Mdlle. Levasseux; M. Soulaireux. ZAMPA.—March 8-11.—Mdlle. Levasseux; MM. Soulaireux, Wainpo. JOLI GILLES.—March 13-18.—Mdlle. Paulin; MM. Soulaireux, Isnardon. LA FÊTE AU VILLAGE VOISIN.—March 22-25.—Mdlle. Levasseux; MM. Soulaireux, Isnardon. LE PILOTE.—March 29-31.—Mdlle. Levasseux, Paulin. There will be given a Grand Ballet Divertissement after each Representation, and Four Performances will also be given by the Comédie Française. The Classical Concerts, under the direction of M. Steck, will be given every Thursday throughout the season; and the ordinary Daily Concerts will take place morning and evening as heretofore.

PIGEON-SHOOTING CONCOURS.

1890. Saturday, March 1.—Prix de la Rivière. Tuesday, March 4.—Grand Prix de Clôture, an object of Art and 2000 francs. Wednesday, March 5.—Grand Prix de Clôture, an object of Art and 2000 francs; Prix d'Adresse. Saturday, March 8.—Opening of the Third Series of Shooting Matches, of which notice will be given.

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EVENING at Eight o'Clock, THE DEAD HEART. Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Lighton; Miss Phillips, and Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office, Mr. J. Hurst, open daily Ten to Five. Currencies at 10.45.—LYCEUM.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—NOTICE

TO ARTISTS.—The Days for receiving Paintings, Drawings, &c., are FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and MONDAY, MARCH 28, 29, and 31; and for Sculpture, TUESDAY, APRIL 1. Forms and labels can be obtained from the Academy during the month of March on receipt of stamped and directed envelope.

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Ashworth Smith and Thomas Livsey Ormerod, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testator leaves his horses, carriages, farming stock and crops, furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Emily Stott; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children, in equal shares.

The will and codicil (both dated Sept. 28, 1888) of the Rev. John Fenwick, B.D., late of Thuring Rectory, Norfolk, who died on Dec. 23 last, were proved on Feb. 6 by Mrs. Mary Francis Fenwick, the widow, the Rev. John Norris Spurgeon, and Cadwallader John Bates, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects to his wife; £25 to each of his executors, the Rev. J. N. Spurgeon and Mr. C. J. Bates; and £2000 to each of his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then as to one moiety for each of his said two daughters.

The will (dated Feb. 12, 1864) of Mr. Robert Browning, formerly of 19, Warwick-crescent, Harrow-road, and late of 29, De Vere-gardens, Kensington, who died on Dec. 12 last at the Palazzo Rezzonico, Venice, was proved on Feb. 19 by Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning, the son, the value of the personal estate amounting to £16,774. The testator leaves £200 per annum, to be paid out of his Italian stock and securities, to his sister Sarianna Browning; and the residue of

his personal estate, including his copyrights, to his said son. The executors appointed by the testator were Mr. John Forster, who died in his lifetime, and Mr. George Gooden Moulton Barrett, who renounced probate. The witnesses to the will are "A. Tennyson, Freshwater, I.W.," and F. T. Palgrave.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Women Painters and Sculptors' Exhibition opened on Feb. 23 at the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris, the average merit of the works contributed being high.—The Bill for supplying Paris with fresh water drawn from three rivers has been passed by the French Chamber.

The Spanish Foreign Minister, in the Congress, replying to a speech alleging encroachments by England at Gibraltar, said that England was simply making a dock in territory which was indisputably her own, and he added that the relations between England and Spain were very cordial.

Prince and Princess Bismarck paid a visit to the Empress Frederick on Feb. 19.—The returns to the German elections show a great increase in the Socialist vote.

An imposing procession escorted the remains of Count Andrassy from the Academy of Science, where they lay in state, to the railway-station. The funeral at Terebes was quite private. The Emperor Francis Joseph has received a telegram from Queen Victoria expressing her Majesty's

condolences on account of Count Andrassy's death. Almost all the Sovereigns of Europe have sent letters or telegrams of condolence to Countess Andrassy.

Mr. John Jacob Astor, one of the millionaires of New York, died suddenly on Feb. 22 from heart disease, at the age of sixty-seven. He owned twenty-five acres of land covered with buildings in the heart of New York city; and his annual income was believed to be one million sterling. He was the head of the third generation of Astors.

The mining town of Wickenburg, in Arizona, has been submerged by waters which were released by the bursting of a dam at Prescott. It is feared that but few of the inhabitants have escaped.

The Bill to abolish the official use of the French language in the North-West Territories has been lost. An amendment moved on the part of the Government, relegating the matter to the decision of the local Legislative Assembly after the general election, was adopted.—The returns of the export trade of Canada in the fiscal year 1889 show once more that the Dominion sends most of its domestic products to the United States and Great Britain. The Canadian exports consist chiefly of the products of forestry and agriculture in various forms. The shipment of provisions, both to the United States and Great Britain, are important, as are also those of bread-stuffs. The Dominion export trade in live cattle to England is also very large.

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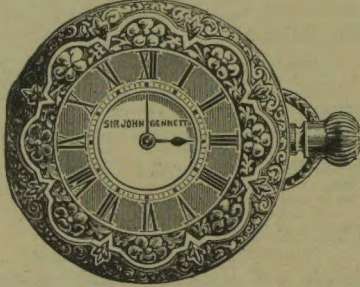
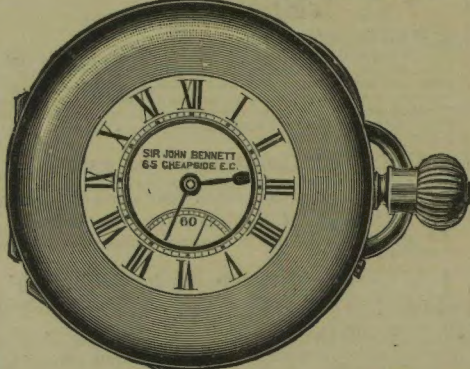
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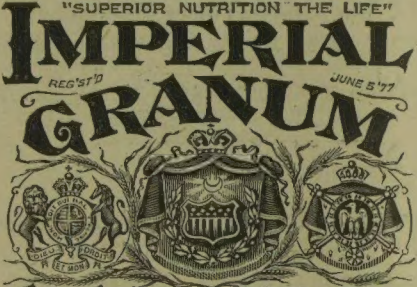
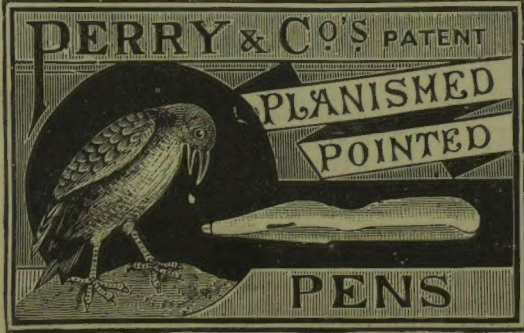
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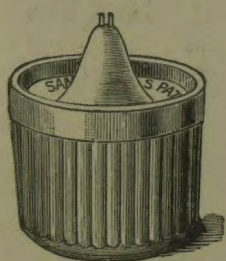
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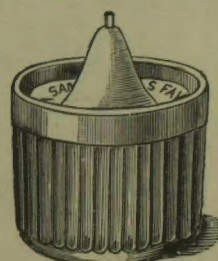
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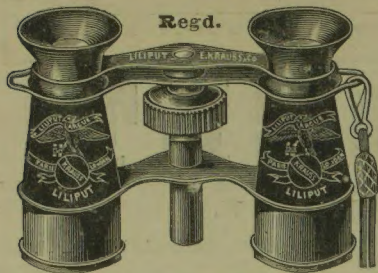
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